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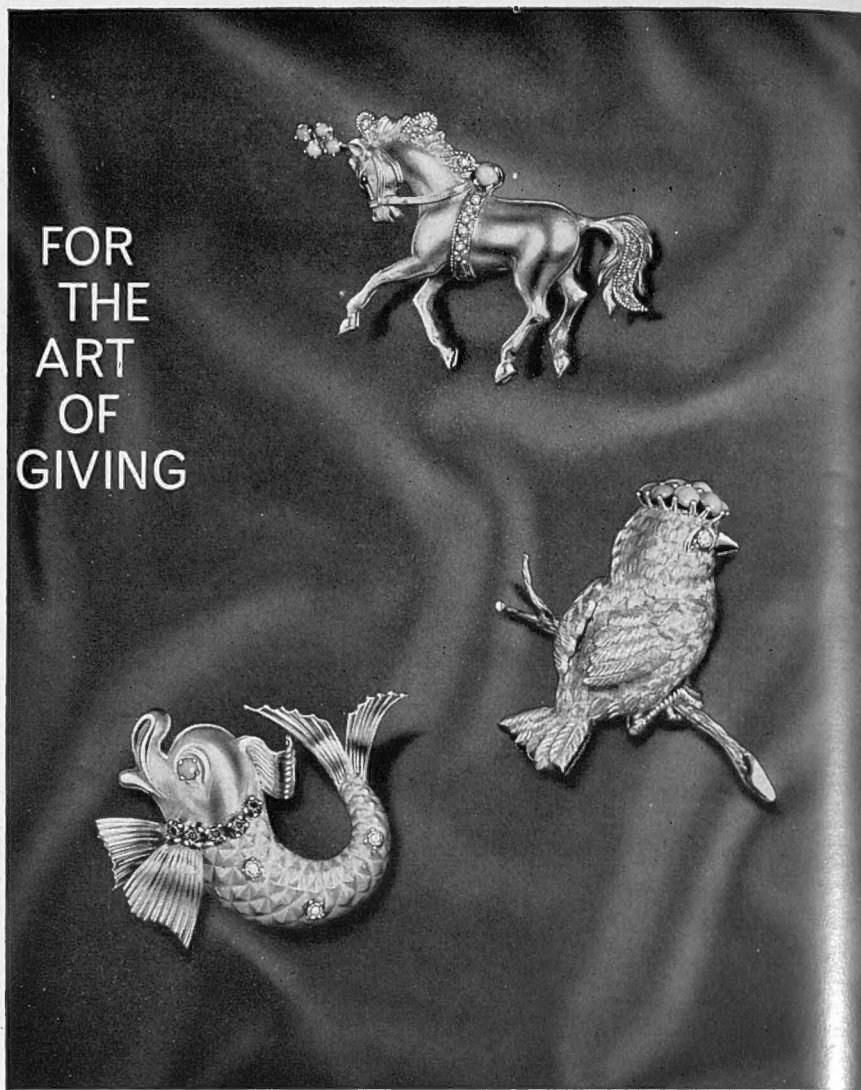
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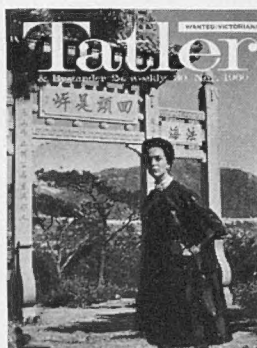
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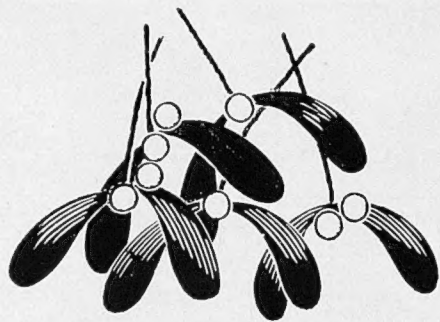
Eastern setting, western clothes. MICHAEL DUNNE photographed them at the gateway to an ancient Buddhist monastery overlooking Castle Peak Bay in the New Territories. The black and crimson brocade coat is worn over a strapless black satin sheath by London Town dresses on sale at Marcel of Knightsbridge; Green-smith Downs, Edinburgh; Griffiths, Chester, price 8½ gns. Pearl necklet with diamanté and turquoise clasp by Vendôme. For more Hong Kong Nights turn to page 528

THERE are fashions in foreign places and a little while ago the far-off spot that everyone wanted to visit or hear about or read about was Bangkok. Just now there's a general yen for Tokyo, but the place the Americans (to whom Japan is no longer a novelty) are developing a taste for is Hong Kong. Perhaps Suzie Wong had something to do with it (the film version opens in London in a fortnight). Anyway, the Crown Colony has even received the All-American accolade this month of a cover story in *Time* magazine. Naturally The TATLER is right up with the fashion and is able to offer this week a first-hand account of Hong Kong from Doone Beal (page 509), who has just been there, and some glamorous Hong Kong settings for this week's section on clothes for evening, specially photographed by Michael Dunne, who has also just been there (page 528 onwards). More news and photographs about Hong Kong—and about Tokyo, too—will be published in forthcoming issues. . . . If anybody is looking for an excuse to give herself or himself a break somewhere warm and sunny like that, Jeanne Sakol obligingly comes up with *Fifteen reasons why you absolutely MUST have a winter holiday* (page 519). . . .

Incidentally the official name for Hong Kong is Victoria, which may be why Roger Hill and Alan Roberts were asked to examine the growing popularity of Victoriana and portray some houses that are full of it. See *The New Victorians* (page 521). . . . Another object for collectors is modern painting, and to find out what people are looking for Cynthia Ellis accompanied photographer Alan Vines to the big sale of Impressionist paintings at Sotheby's earlier this month. She reports the people and the pictures they wanted (page 511 onwards). Incidentally the last time an event at Sotheby's was photographed, Mrs. Kenelm Digby-Jones (whose husband works there) was inadvertently called "Miss" in our caption. Sorry about this. . . .

Next week: 20 pages of Christmas Shopping ideas. . . .

PS.: Muriel Bowen has had a short holiday. She is writing again about social events in this week's issue. . . .



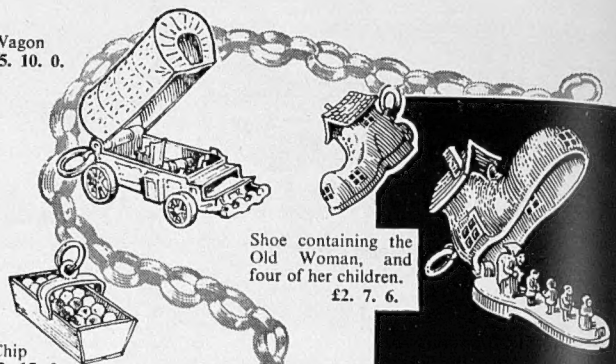
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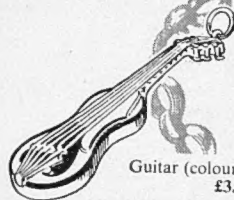
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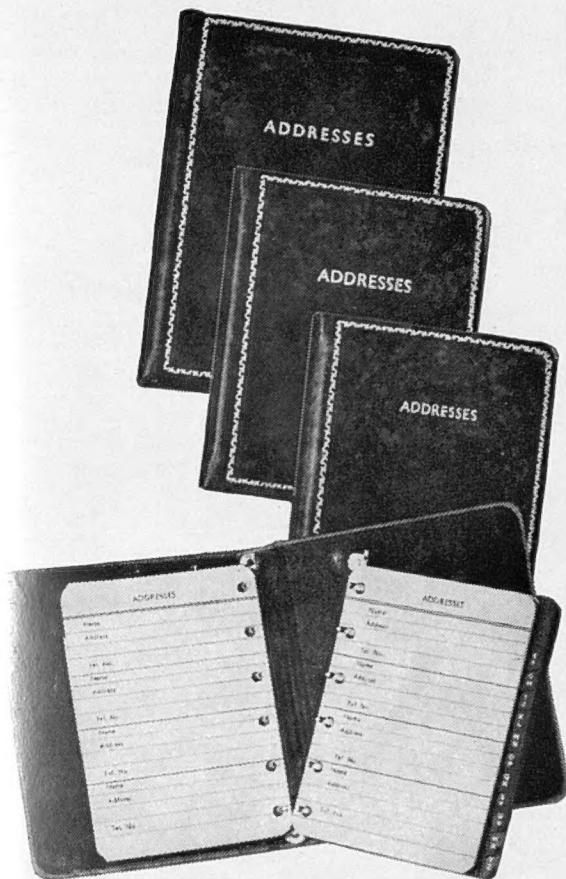
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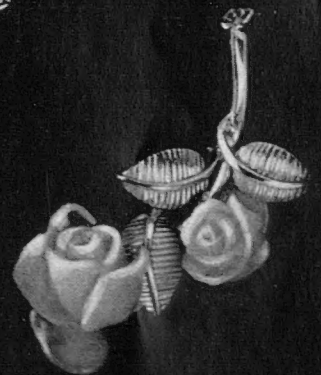
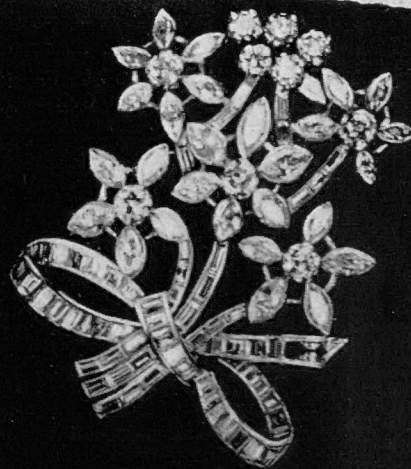
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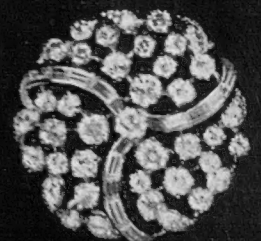
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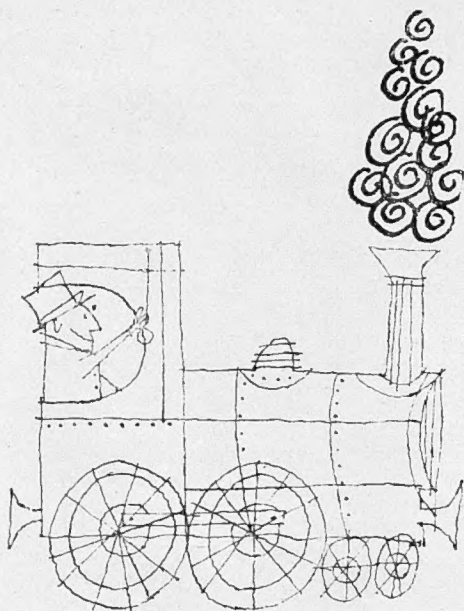
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Merton College Christmas Dance, 2 December.

Hunt Balls on 2 December: The **Beaufort**, at Badminton House (by permission of the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort); the **Eridge**; **New College & Christ Church Beagles**, at Ditchley Park, nr. Woodstock.

Cheshire Hunt Ball, 3 December, at Peckforton Castle.

Life Boat Ball to be held in conjunction with a **Night Club Dance**, 6 December, at the Savoy. Tickets: 4 gns. for the ball, 35s. (with breakfast) for the dance, all from Mrs. Susan With, Life Boat House (SLO 0031).

Première of Spartacus, to be attended by Princess Margaret, 7 December, at the Metropole Theatre, Victoria, in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Tickets from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7 (FRE 2285).

Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Annual Banquet & Ball, 7 December, at the Savoy.

Gala Ballet Matinée, to be attended by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, 8 December, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing. Tickets from Webster & Girling, Baker St. (WEL 6666).

Snow Ball, 8 December, at the Dorchester, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Tickets: £3 10s., from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.

SPORT & SHOWS

Grouse shooting ends, 10 December.

Race meetings: Liverpool, today & tomorrow; Lingfield, Manchester, 2, 3; Catterick Bridge, Worcester, 3; Plumpton, 5; Nottingham, 5, 6 December.

Squash rackets: Open championships, R.A.C., to 5 December.

Smithfield Show, Earl's Court, 5-9 December.

National Cat Club Championship, Olympia, 3 December.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Cavalleria Rusticana* & *Pagliacci*, tonight; *La Sonnambula*, 1, 3, 5 December; *Wozzeck* (first performance of season), 2 December; *Tosca*, 6 December. 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Nightingale* & *Oedipus Rex*, tonight; *Cinderella*, 1 December; *Fidelio*, 2 December; *The Marriage Of Figaro*, 3 December. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus in Mahler's 2nd Symphony, 8 p.m., tonight; London Welsh Autumn Music Festival, *Messiah*, 7.30 p.m., 3 December; Bach's Goldberg

Variations (George Malcolm, harpsichord), 3 p.m., five Brandenburg Concertos, Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Otto Klemperer with George Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 4 December. (WAT 3191.)

ART

P. Wilson Steer Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, until 11 December.

Watercolours & Drawings by Klee & Picasso, Brook Street Gallery, 24 Brook St., W.1.

Ceylon: a painters' country, Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 23 December.

EXHIBITIONS

Caravan Exhibition, Olympia, to 6 December.

Publishers' Association Children's Book Show, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 10 December.

FESTIVAL

Schubert Festival, Nottingham, to 11 December.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royalty Theatre. Antonio & his Spanish Ballet, tonight.

Pembroke, Croydon. *Fairy Tales Of New York*. 6 December.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 535.

Watch It, Sailor! "... whatever the King & Cary team did for their 1½ million listeners in *Sailor Beware!* they have done it again—exactly." Kathleen Harrison, Cyril Smith, Esma Cannon, Josephine Massey. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

A Passage To India. "... genuine theatrical pleasure ... an exciting play ... the crucial scene is particularly successful." Zia Mohyeddin, Norman Wooland, Dilys Hamlett. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

Settled Out Of Court. "... pleasingly fantastic idea ... flatness of the middle act is disappointing ... the most amusing part is the setting of the informal trial ... a genial audience may be entertained." Nigel Patrick, Charles Heslop, Maxine Audley, Eric Pohlmann. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 536.

G.R. = General release.

When A Woman Loves. "... tells at a snail's pace but with considerable charm, a simple little story ... exquisite colour photography." Ineko Arima, Shin Saburi. (Gala Royal, AMB 2345.)

Surprise Package. "... conclusively proves two things—Mr. Yul Brynner is no comedian and Mr. Noël Coward is a picture-stealer against whom even dogs and children wouldn't stand a chance." Yul Brynner, Noël Coward, Lyndon Brook, Mitzi Gaynor. G.R.

EVA FISCHER, the young Italian artist, is having a one-man show at the Lefevre Gallery until 17 December. For the past year she has lived and worked in a roof-top studio in Marylebone. No fewer than 650 of her pictures have been bought for museums and private collections.





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GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



THE QUESTION I AM ASKED MOST frequently by people as diverse as visiting sales directors and anxious aunts with a favourite nephew to entertain is: "Where do I go for a night out that's different?" Requirements vary as widely as inquirers but I have found that one of the most satisfactory answers is to be found at the Players' Theatre underneath the railway arches in Villiers' Street—the road that runs from Charing Cross Underground to the Strand.

Some people will remember the Players' from its prewar Covent Garden days when it was known as *Evans's*, *late Joy's*. Today Don Gemmell and his partner Reginald Woolley faithfully carry on the tradition of Victorian music hall in a nightly "spectacle" entitled *Ridgeway's Late Joys*: (the felicitous title derives from the original owner of the Covent Garden premises—a Mr. Joy).

The origins of the music hall were the Victorian supper rooms where food and drink were provided along with the songs. They were the forerunners, it seems to me, of cabaret rather than music hall as we know it today, and it is this atmosphere which the Players' Theatre seeks to recapture.

Though the theatre management occasionally ventures into other types of production (notably *The Boy Friend* which made its début at the Players') normal entertainment is in the form of a lively period revue under the direction of "The Chairman." Some of our current professional compères would do well

to study the technique of this splendid character (often played by Don Gemmell himself) whose mixture of bluster and repartee form the backbone of the show.

The audience seat themselves during the performance either at tables around the bar or in stalls which provide ample room for eating and drinking. It is the robust tradition of the theatre, however, that the whole onus of entertainment should not be left to the players. The audience are expected to contribute a share to the evening's enjoyment. To arrive late is to risk being the butt of the Chairman's sallies, whilst idiosyncrasies like dropping a handbag are certain to cause the limelight to be turned on the offender.

Moreover the audience is expected to join lustily in the singing at frequent intervals throughout the show. Lest anyone should offer the excuse of not knowing the words song sheets are handed out. It is a tribute to the atmosphere induced by the place that staid businessmen aunties, nephews, uncle Tom Cobley and all join in singing verses like: *Hullo tu-tu! How are you? How de-do de-do tu-tu. Oh! tu-tu my tu-tu, tu-tu! Oh! too-dle-oo-dle-oo.*

Among the regulars are many theatrical stars who drop in for an hour or so just to see how the old place is getting along. Many of today's big names have appeared there at one time or another. For example: Joan Sterndale Bennett and Bernard Miles, Vida Hope, Peter Ustinov and Ian Carmichael. Food is good from a not-over-

elaborate menu, and is served in the supper room from 7 p.m. until 11.30 p.m. There are two bars, one in the theatre itself where drinks, sandwiches and coffee can be served throughout the show.

The show starts at 8 p.m. on Mondays and Tuesdays and at 9 p.m. from Wednesday to Saturday and lasts approximately two hours. After that you can dance on the

GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White



C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Helene Cordet's Maison de France Club, 6 Hamilton Place, Park Lane. (GRO 4994.) C.S. and Saturday luncheon. Equally popular for luncheon, dinner or supper. Décor charming, food of high quality, a place with real personality and genuine gaiety, especially after midnight, when the two bands, steel and guitar, get together and let go. Minimum charge, luncheon, 17s. 6d.; dinner and dancing, 30s. After 10 p.m. minimum charge for drinks only is 20s. Subscription £2 p.a. Advance application essential.

Medici, 7 George Street, Baker Street. (WEL 9370.) C.S. Quite new, small, with restful décor, and run by two charming people, Lottie of Kyrenia and her ex-Army husband. The main menu consists of 10 special dishes, ranging in price from 9s. to 13s. 6d., all cooked to order. There is also a savoury that is quite something. Take your own bottle or send out. No parking problems at night. W.B.

Brompton Grill, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 8005.) C.S. This restaurant is not cheap but Mr. Karonais gives good value for money, and he has, deservedly, a long list of regular customers. Though grilled foods naturally feature in the menu, there are plenty of other dishes as well. W.B.

Pastoria Hotel Restaurant, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. (WHI 8641.) C.S. Adrian Pastori, like his father before him, regards cooking as an art. On Thursdays what I believe is the best steak-&-kidney pudding in London is on the menu. Other outstanding specialities include an extremely good *sole maison*.

WINE NOTES

A tasting of the red and white 1959 Burgundies shipped by Geisweiler et Fils, arranged by Pickus Courtenay and Co. Ltd., confirms the excellence of the year. In the opinion of the experts it is better than 1955 or 1957. I made a particular note of the *Bourgogne Aligote*, and the *Gevrey Chambertin*, also the *Batard Montrachet*, though the latter is likely to be beyond my purse. The *Côte du Rhône* wine available for tasting, *Cateau-neuf du Pape*, was also good.

BRIGGS by Graham



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Kowloon on the mainland seen from the Foreign Correspondents Club

ALL had ever heard about Hong Kong was true. And more. It has the capacity to shock, surprise and delight over and above any preconceptions. Beautiful and squalid by turns, it is an essay in paradox. Outside a London newspaper office, it must be one of the few places left in the world where one can still shout "boy!" and somebody comes running, where rickshaws jostle with their human loads alongside Cadillacs, and old junks and sampans lie alongside battle cruisers and liners in one of the world's most spectacularly beautiful harbours.

America 100 yards away from some Wall Street skyscrapers (including the immense Communist Bank of China) is a huge, placid English cricket pitch. Nearby are the market streets with hens scuttling, urchins begging, and old men retching; the aroma of jasmine clumps competes with the smell of frying peppers and bean curd from the open kitchens; a shop selling jade is next door to the apothecary's, who peddles dried snakes' gallbladders as an aphrodisiac.

Through this amazing menagerie move some English gentry, dressed as for the City and carrying at least a spiritual umbrella; Chinese girls—surely some of the most innately elegant in the world—slender in their cheongsams; and above it all, the flowerlike hanging shop signs interspersed with the day's laundry, all creaking, blowing and billowing in the wind.

One of the leading hotels lists 19 different rules for its guests, neatly framed and hanging in every bathroom. I wondered to what relics of grand-scale living clause 14

could apply: *"It is regretted that the interior decoration of all rooms is fixed and cannot be changed to suit the wishes of any particular guest?"*

The hotels represent, in fact, yet another Hong Kong paradox in that one pays £3 a night for a somewhat spartan single room without even breakfast. On the other hand, for shopping it is the bargain of all time: a duty-free port full of jade, crocodile, gold, silk and ceramics. The best shops are in the mainland strip of Kowloon, near the hotels. But the finds, naturally enough, lie in less obvious places. The Hang Kok road, also on the mainland, contains some interesting junk and antique shops, though in one of them the sight of some so-called amethysts being packed like pills into cellophane put me on my guard and took the shopkeeper off his.

If you want real jewellery, cross over to the island and investigate a long straggling street called West Point. The Chinese themselves put all their spare money into gold and jewellery, and this is where they shop. Though Europeans are expected to bargain to an extent, one often finds that a dealer who sticks to his price is more honest than one who is prepared to talk terms from the outset.

Another obvious buy in Hong Kong is the tailoring. Most tailors will make an appointment to visit you in your hotel, complete with swatches of material. They make in about two days, and charge around £10 for a dress, £15 for a man's suit, complete with material. I commend a man whose work delighted me: Yao Hai Kwung, Kowloon 61639.

It is of course only the transient visitors who spend a frenetic two

days in bargain-hunting. Hong Kong is an extraordinarily beautiful island of great heights and inlets and, among the easily accessible beaches, at least two superb ones: Repulse Bay (with a good hotel) and Deep Water Bay. Another most attractive spot is the fishing town of Aberdeen, with its floating restaurants. If you can manage only one visit, see it at night with the lights molten and fluid on the water. In Kowloon, the top-flight European restaurants, with prices to match, are the Marco Polo and Gaddi's. A few paces away from the big-hotel oasis is the straggling, crowded and altogether fascinating Tsimtsui, which is full of restaurants. Tien Hong Lau is one of the best. It is vocally noisy (the Chinese seem to shout and enjoy, whereas the Japanese whisper and giggle), and the dish of the house is beggars' chicken.

This is dramatically unfurled, on the floor, from its baking case of clay and its cocoon of lotus leaves. With it, fragrant jasmine tea is served automatically, or one can order Chinese wine. This tastes like a rather raw Beaujolais laced with brandy, but it goes well. In Tien Hong Lau, as in most of the real Chinese restaurants, you must expect a large spittoon to be part of the furnishings—and to see it treated functionally.

One usually avoids the obvious European hotels if in search of colour rather than comfort, but in Hong Kong the Establishment hotel, the Peninsular, is as much part of its character as are the markets. No matter whether you stay there or not, spend an hour in its immense, echoing lounge, if only to savour the

spirit of Messrs. Coward and Maugham. Not a lick of paint in the Victorian décor can have been altered, nor a well-barked syllable of its patrons changed since the inception of the traditions which it now enshrines. The selections from *Bitter Sweet* played by the palm court orchestra, inevitably prompt in the mind some of Mr. Coward's more frivolous but deadly accurate jests at the empire-builders' expense (*... Have you heard any word of young Mills, who ruptured himself at the end of a chukka—and had to be sent to the hills?*)

And yet, faintly ridiculous in some aspects, paradoxical and anachronistic though it is, this remains one of the great termini of the world. It is no city of ghosts. To visit it is to step backwards in time, to see Europe in a new perspective. And to wonder.

B.O.A.C. have recently reduced their fares to Hong Kong by 16 per cent, and the Economy-Class return, by Comet, now costs £374 8s.



In Hong Kong's market streets—jasmine and dried snakes' gallbladders

Mink at its most magnificent. Emba "Arcturus"
natural lavender-beige skins handled as softly as satin in a new design by



I KNOW



Miss Louise Pongracz chose Modigliani's Red-haired Boy because: "I love the tone and the simplicity of its line . . . look how the door on the right anchors the painting. No chic about it and not a drawing-room painting." Hers was a moderate choice, she reserves a larger enthusiasm for action painter Georges Mathieu whose Bond Street exhibition she had just seen



Colonel V. C. Steer Webster first chose Kees Van Dongen's Dancers because: "You don't see them like that these days . . . they think too much about their figures and too little about their art. These two are real old-fashioned powder and paint . . . plenty of flesh and a touch of the devil." But later in the evening the Colonel deserted his dancers for Boudin's Brittany Tide-race

They had come to Sotheby's for the private view of a sale of Impressionist paintings and it seemed to be the right time and the ideal place to ask just why people buy what they do buy in the way of pictures to live with.

CYNTHIA ELLIS reports, ALAN VINES took the photographs

WHAT I LIKE...

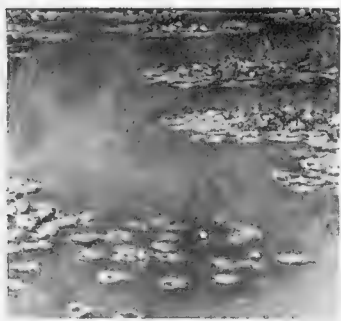
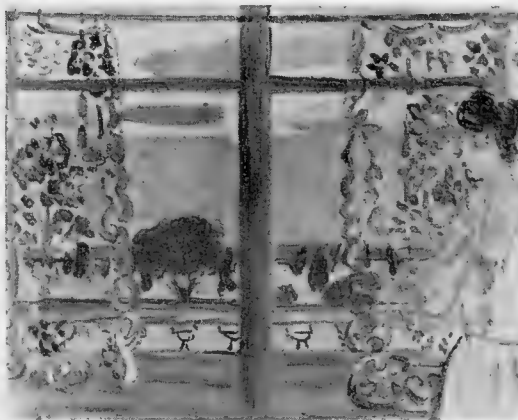


THE guests were there to support a cause (the preview was in aid of the Royal College of Nursing) and not all of them were expert art fanciers. But most had an eye for a picture and a ready answer to the question: "What painting would you like to take home with you?" It was immediately clear that old loves died hard—subject pictures and landscapes were still the favourites. But it was a majority decision and not a unanimous one. For though most of the artists whose work was shown belonged among the grandfathers of contemporary art, there were some abstracts by living painters and some young visitors obviously preferred them. Which should serve to prove that the adventurous spirit that brought more than half-a-million people to the Picasso exhibition at the Tate Gallery last summer is still alive and kicking.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Countess of Halsbury chose the small Matisse, *Woman at the Window* (alongside) because: "*it is peaceful.*" Another Matisse, an early work called *Nude beside a Chair*, drew unhesitant praise from one guest, Miss Susan French, and condemnation from others. Dr. Courtenay Evans, standing beside the Countess, preferred *Waterlilies* (below) by Monet. "*They would fit in without swamping the room.*" He glanced at the Renoirs on the same wall and added: "*those, you see, would sometimes obtrude and embarrass*"



Mrs. Walter S. Daymond headed straight for Monet's *Study of Waterlilies* because: "*it's a lovely painting of a beautiful place... I'd like to be there.*" Her opinion, and that of Dr. Evans, was shared by a good many others and by the end of the evening the Monet had proved almost as popular as the two Boudin landscapes. One of them, *Great Canal at Venice*, enchanted Sir John and Lady Braithwaite for the memories which it evoked. Total amount realised at the later sale was more than £160,000.



Mr. Tommy Prest (on left in the picture opposite) chose Henri Rousseau's *Footballers* because: "*it's an exceedingly good painting although they don't play a very good game of football.*" The picture later fetched £37,000 at the sale. His companions, Mr. and Mrs. David Davenport, found the silver more interesting, though Mr. Davenport did pick out a small Jawlensky called *Fest der Natur* as 'the most exciting painting in the room. Mr. Davenport's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Davenport, who is appeal secretary of the Royal College of Nursing was responsible for the previous resounding success, liked Derain's *Westminster*: "*because I know it so well on just that kind of a foggy day.*" Subject pictures were generally among the most successful at the preview.



Lady Heald (right), chairman of the appeals committee of the Royal College of Nursing, chose *Westminster* because: "*my husband (Sir Lionel Heald, the former Attorney-General) has spent so many hours there.*" Her chief praise was reserved for the silver, a preference justified the next day when the complete collection was sold, including four George I table candlesticks which at £5,600 fetched seven times as much as the dealer who bought them had originally paid for them in 1944. The silver at Sotheby's came from 14 countries. Major & Mrs. Frankland Moore, seen with Lady Heald, liked Sisley's *Sunset*.



I KNOW WHAT I LIKE CONCLUDED



Lady Brabazon of Tara (right) approved her husband's choice of Boudin's Brittany Tide-race—the only painting at the preview on which Lord Brabazon was prepared to compromise. He had no high opinion of any of the rest. She also liked Boudin's Great Canal at Venice and Sisley's Sunset. Lady Brabazon added engagingly: "*perhaps it's a reflection on my age,*" but in fact most of the younger people present would have agreed with her choice. One other guest, Mrs. Edward Sutro, showed a preference for semi-abstract paintings. She chose Bottles by Nicholas de Stael because: "*the colours are so vibrant!*"



MURIEL BOWEN: *What the mums are planning*

PRIVATE party plans for next year are getting under way. One of the most glamorous promises to be the Duke & Duchess of Marlborough's dance at Blenheim for the coming of age of their younger son, **Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill** and the coming out of their granddaughter, **Miss Serena Russell**. It takes place on 14 July and Miss Russell will be arriving in England towards the end of June with her parents, **Mr. Edwin & Lady Sarah Russell**. They live in Pennsylvania. Lord Charles will be helping his parents with the guest list when he gets back from America for the Christmas holidays. Quite a large proportion of the guests will be Americans, for not only does Miss Russell live there but Lord Charles attends Nashville University in Tennessee. He is reading political science, and is a young man much in demand for parties when studies permit.

Surprising how one season tumbles on top of another. Mrs. **Edward Sutro**, who is bringing out her daughter Caroline, tells me she started getting invitations for "Mums' Luncheons" at the beginning of October. Her dance at her home, Stocketts Manor in Surrey, is to be on 30 June ("we tried to fix it for about the time the young men come down from university.") There will be just as many country dances as last year, but the convenience of "having something in London" is very strong. **Sir Robert & Lady Barlow** (she is actress Margaret Rawlings) will have a dance at the Dorchester—their London home—for their only child, Jane, on 6 July. Fortunate are those who can count on a relative lending a beautiful house. **Lady Mary Lyon** is one of the lucky ones. The dance she is giving for her daughter, Miss Ariel Strickland, is to be at **Lady Violet Benson's** house, Walpole House, Chiswick Mall, on 7 June. Lady Violet is Lady Mary's sister-in-law.

Viscount Rothermere is lending his home, Warwick House, St. James's, for the coming out of his granddaughter, **Lady Lana Baring**, on 21 June. She is the daughter of the Earl of Cromer, Governor-elect of the Bank of England, & the Countess of Cromer.

WOOING THE MEN

A new wind of change and expansion is blowing over the London party scene. And it's not the women but the men who are being wooed on this occasion. Charity organizers have discovered that a plain, straightforward dance is no longer enough to get the man of 50-plus away from his fireside in the evening. As this is the age group that *can afford* the biggest individual contributions to charity there is a subtle campaign on, working in a

dozen ways, to get them away from those firesides. Case in point was the Gala at Londonderry House organized by Mrs. **William Harries** in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. (Pictures on page 520.)

Guests, hundreds of them, filled the picture-hung ballroom of Londonderry House. Indeed several days before the party Mrs. Harries had a squad of workers sending telegrams all over the country asking her voluntary workers not to sell any more tickets! Guests arrived for cocktails, watched a John Cavanagh fashion show, and stayed on for a buffet-dinner (with champagne) and dancing. "A good idea, and time too that organizers of functions got on the wife's side," said Mrs. **Stephen Roberts**. "By the time my husband got in from the City there was barely time for him to change and go out again." Mrs. **John Llewellyn-Smith** who divides her time between Norfolk and London had much the same story. "Once my husband gets down to the Stock Exchange report in the *Evening Standard*, which he usually does before dinner, there is no getting him out. This is our first dance in nearly two years."

REFORMING THE POONA

The Imperial Poona Yacht Club sounds as if it might reek with stuffiness ten fathoms deep. In fact it's a splendid institution. Exclusive? Yes. (There are only 25 members.) Grand? Most certainly. But there isn't one fine ounce of stuffiness among its members not one of whom has ever seen Poona (that's the chief qualification for membership). This isn't to say though that they cannot be adamant. **Dr. Reginald Bennett**, M.P., the present Commodore, and his fellow student sahibs who founded the club at Oxford 26 years ago have always insisted that membership ceases (no matter how exalted the member) on completion of a pilgrimage to Poona.

Strangely though, it is in this age of conformity that the Imperial Poona has come into its own. Leading helmsmen on both sides of the Atlantic belong to it. An earthy summing up by one member was: "On the whole the club is made up of a lot of chaps capable of knocking anybody's blocks off." This, as well as its sense of fun, has obviously tickled **Prince Philip** who a few years ago agreed to become the club's Honorary Member Extraordinary. Twice since then the club has won the Prince Philip Cup competed for annually by the leading yacht clubs at Cowes. And it was to celebrate the latest win that Dr. & Mrs. Bennett entertained members and their friends to a "Tiffin" (party) at the Bond Street offices of **Comdr. "Mike" Parker**.

Mr. "Tiny" Mitchell, moving spirit behind the Royal Corinthian, & Mrs. **Mitchell** were there. So, too, were Mr. & Mrs. **Michael Crean**, **Sir Heneage Ogilvie**, **Air Marshal Sir Geoffrey Tuttle**, **Major Robert** & the **Hon. Mrs. O'Brien**, and Mr. & Mrs. **John Chamier**. The Imperial Poona did them well. Prince Philip's Cup (P.P.s Pot, as the sailors call it) was filled to its Georgian brim and passed round. Generous pipelines, too, of "the basic spirit of the Navy" (gin) and champagne.

The Imperial Poona has various outposts and these had their representatives at the party. "The Revolting Colonists Outpost" (the U.S.) isn't one to let anybody take its wind and sent along Mr. **Dudley Sharp**, Secretary of the Air Force, & Mrs. **Sharp**. They arrived with **Capt. & Mrs. Walter Rowe**. There is to be a meeting soon to clarify some of the club's rules. Explained Dr. Bennett: "Some of them were written rather late at night." Just what the changes will be I don't know. But I do know that the Revolting Colonists have already mentioned the shortage of rupees in the Western Hemisphere. Rule 9 states flatly that the entrance fee is 64 (sixty-four) sixty-fourths of a rupee.

MEETING THE MOROCCANS

Historic days throughout the world usually have social repercussions in London. For example, Morocco's Throne Day—celebrating the anniversary of the accession of King Mohammed V—brought a jam of sleek limousines to Claridge's where the Moroccan Ambassador, **Prince El Hassan Bel El Mehdi** and his Princess gave a party. (Pictures on page 515.) I met the Pakistan Ambassador, **Lieut.-Gen. Mohammed Yousuf**, who is a keen sportsman. He told me that next year's royal visit to Pakistan will take in racing and the famous Lahore Horse Show. There will also be an opportunity for Prince Philip to play polo.

Strangely of the hundreds of English people at the Ambassador's party I could only find one who had been to Morocco, **Major-Gen. Sir Edward Spears**. "A beautiful country—I'd strongly advise people to go and see it," he said. "The view across towards Spain is one of the loveliest in the world."

Speaking for myself I should prefer to visit China especially after hearing Miss Joan Vickers, M.P., talk about her stay there. Miss Vickers told me that she found the opera and the circus both first-rate entertainment and packed with Chinese. On the other hand they only go to a restaurant when entertaining Western visitors. Her great success with the Chinese was when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 516

AMBASSADORS' NIGHT



The Moroccan Ambassador, Prince el Hassan Ben el Mel, who received the guests with his wife

*Sober lounge suits (Russia & Japan) set off
exotic robes and saris (Nigeria & Pakistan)
when diplomatic opposite numbers met
at the Moroccan Ambassador's reception*



Pakistan's High Commissioner, General Yousuf, & Mrs. John Guest. The reception was at Claridge's



The Begum Yousuf, M. M. Mikati, and Mme. Husien el Jesr, wife of the Lebanese Ambassador



Chief Dosumu, who comes from Nigeria, attended the reception with his sister, Miss Caroline Dosumu



Mme. H. Benbachir, whose husband is on the staff of the Moroccan Embassy in London

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



The Russian Ambassador, Mr. A. Soldatov, is welcomed by hostess Princess Fatima Zaharah

The Japanese Ambassador, M. Ohno, Mme. Ohno & Sir Paul Sinker, director-general British Council



Muriel Bowen CONTINUED

she rode a new tractor off the assembly plant. It touched the hearts of her hosts.

One of the most charming people Miss Vickers met was Mme. **Li Teh Chaun**, the Minister of Health, a smiling woman of 64 who related the successes of the new China *in verse*. China has tried over the last 10 years to legislate women into equality. Miss Vickers told me that all women in China wear the same blue suits as the men, which would seem to me to be an unfortunate by-product of equalization. Indeed the only woman in China whom she met and who didn't wear trousers was the Minister of Health.

TWO ROYAL NIGHTS

The Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy was the first ball since their wedding for **Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones**.

Guests were fascinated by the Princess's new hairstyle—a head-hugging side cut with a long casual fringe. Mrs. **Dolores Selborne**, the Ball chairman, greeted the Princess and her husband. She is an old friend of the Armstrong-Joneses, senior, and she is to be godmother to Mr. Armstrong-Jones's little step-brother.

The party started off in the Lancaster Room and later transferred upstairs to a Night Club of red walls brightened by clusters of balloons, and tall candles in glass shields.

Among guests were His Honour **Sir Gerald Hargreaves & Lady Hargreaves**, Mr. & Mrs. **Jack Steinberg** and their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. **Ian Jay**; and Col. & Mrs. **Gerard Leigh** who were in Princess Margaret's party. Over dinner I chatted with Mr. **Budge Patty**, the former Wimbledon champion, now in business. He's here in connection with the building of a "self-service" garage near Southwark Bridge. It will just be a case of driving your car on to a lift—the parking is push-button service done by an attendant.

It's 10 years since the Old Vic got over the effects of the blitz, and to mark the occasion there was a gala performance attended by the **Queen Mother**, the **Duchess of Kent**, and **Princess Paul of Yugoslavia**. **Lord & Lady Poole** were there, so were **Dame Edith Evans**, and the **Earl & Countess of Drogheda**. **Lord Wilmot of Selmeston**, chairman of the Old Vic, looked pleased. "The Old Vic has really made people understand Shakespeare and the classics," he said. In the last ten years close on 3,000,000 people have attended the Old Vic. Judging by the gala performance of *Romeo & Juliet* they have had excellent value for their money.

In my column of 2 November I stated that **M. Armin Daeniker**, the Swiss Ambassador, was at the first night of *The Playboy of the Western World*. It was a case of mistaken identity, I'm afraid, and I regret any inconvenience caused.



All the trappings of a carnival decorated the Night Club, with Mlle. Zizi Jeanmaire as star of the cabaret



Mrs. Dolores Selborne, chairman and ball organizer, with Mr. Budge Patty, former Wimbledon champion



Mr. Leonard Blausten & Lady Lund, wife of the Secretary of the Law Society



Air-Commodore Douglas Messenger, former A.O.C. Hong Kong, & Mrs. Messenger



Mr. Charles Clore, with His Honour Sir B. C. Gerald Hargreaves & Lady Hargreaves

THE PRINCESS GOES DANCING

Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones danced only once in the main ballroom at the Savoy. Then they went up to dance in the Night Club, a successful feature of this year's Dockland Settlements Ball

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. David d'Ambrumenil with Miss Carol-Anne Trevor, who is coming out next year



Mr. Joe Gitterman and Miss Jill Weldon, another of next year's débutantes



THE DOWNHILL ONLY BALL

Ski enthusiasts have a ready-made reason (see opposite page) for a winter holiday. It's a good excuse, too, for having a ball beforehand like the annual event of the Downhill Only Club

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, wife of the president of the club, and Group-Capt. Douglas Bader, guest of honour



Sir George Dowty, chairman and founder of the Dowty Group of companies, dancing with his wife, a club member

Mrs. Stanley Walduck, whose husband organized the ball



Mr. S. Walduck & Miss Sarah Rashleigh Belcher



Mrs. Stuart Rogers & Mr. G. Hutton at the bar



Mrs. D. Bader & Mr. Christopher Mackintosh





15 *Reasons Why You Absolutely MUST Have A Winter Holiday*

BY JEANNE SAKOL

The Winter Holiday has become a curious psychological challenge. Despite the gay assurance of the travel folks that it's perfectly okay to steal away in winter, the feeling prevails in our essentially guilt-guided society that it's somehow not quite right. Unless, of course, there's some good Justification. As in love or politics, Justification means finding logical reasons for doing the things you want to do and convincing yourself, your bank manager and envious friends that it's your only sensible course of action.

For calming your own conscience in private or infusing friends with the wintry gospel of St. Thomas of Cook's, here are 15 Reasons Why You (and Yours) Absolutely MUST Have A Winter Holiday:

BECAUSE *today's obituaries had five people younger than you, two of whom had said to you recently that they were too busy to get away. Ominous last words that make postponing a needed holiday an invitation to disaster.*

BECAUSE *you haven't really had a holiday for more than a year. That fortnight in Antibes last summer was, after all, business and doesn't count because you had office worries on your mind, even at the casino.*

BECAUSE *the whole family agrees that a Mercedes would make an ideal second car and it's much cheaper to buy one direct from the factory.*

BECAUSE *you're putting in two new bathrooms and would have to hide out at an hotel anyway—so why not one with a little sun?*

BECAUSE *your financial affairs are so complex, it's time you opened a Swiss bank account.*

BECAUSE *those delicious après-ski clothes you bought on sale in August look pretty silly in Buckinghamshire and you want to make good your investment.*

BECAUSE *in summer the Continent is crowded with Americans, and America is hot and humid. In order to have a dignified, comfortable sojourn in either hemisphere, one must go now.*

BECAUSE *you honestly feel so much better with a tan, and the kind that comes out of a bottle isn't really the same thing.*

BECAUSE *you want to borrow money and taking the family abroad will impress would-be creditors with your affluence.*

BECAUSE *your passport is new and you want to clutter it up a bit.*

BECAUSE *the central heating you installed at such terrible expense has dried out your respiratory system and you need some clean mountain air as a restorative.*

BECAUSE *you'll save money in the long run by scouting the Riviera now to find an inexpensive villa for next summer.*

BECAUSE *by spending a few days in Milan on business, you can write off most of the cost as expenses.*

BECAUSE *it's important for the children's emotional development and filial respect to have well-travelled parents, so you're only doing it for them.*

BECAUSE *it's lonely at home with everyone you know off on their winter holiday.*



The Royal Fashion Gala at Londonderry House got off to an early start with the John Cavanagh fashion show at eight o'clock. A buffet supper followed an hour later and then there was dancing until midnight



Mrs. Michael Walker, vice-chairman of the Gala organizing committee, sold tickets at the tombola

FASHIONS FOR CHARITY



Mr. & Mrs. John Powell, with (centre) Dr. Roland Bramley, one of the area committee chairmen



Mr. Graham Smith and Miss Sarah Blackburn. Princess Alexandra is president of the fund



Mr. Anthony Bodie, a property dealer, and Miss Susan Lancaster, who is in advertising

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND

The evening celebrated among other things the happy state of the appeal committee's bank balance for last year, during which more than £21,000 was raised for the Children's Country Holidays Fund

Miss Rosemary Rash, Mrs. David Sparrow, one of the Young Committee, and Miss Terese Edwards



Mrs. Steele and Miss D'Silva in the ballroom, which was cleared for dancing after the show





Mr. James Laver

Historian of costume and former Keeper of the department of engraving, illustration and design at the V. & A.

"I have spent a good part of my life trying to plot 'the gap in appreciation'—that is the time which must elapse before a discarded style comes into favour again. It seems to be a law of our own minds that we find the art forms of our fathers hideous, the art forms of our grandfathers 'amusing' and those of our great-grandfathers attractive and even beautiful. Thirty years ago, I was warning to prophesy the present fashion for Victoriana at a period when Arnold Bennett was considered wilfully eccentric for liking papier mâché tables. Now such objects are once again good to see. There is nothing surprising in this, it has happened over and over again."



Mr. Michael Inchbald

Interior designer who trained as an architect. In his London home (see overleaf) Victoriana lives happily alongside Louis Quinze and 18th-century English

"... let me say now that my favourite period is 17th-18th century while admitting that some at least of Victoriana has considerable merit. Anything, whether Victorian or not, should ultimately be judged on the merits of its beauty. The Victorian era produced a great deal of both robust and whimsical charm. My own criticism is that the accent tended to be on too much charm rather than on the strength and virility of an earlier generation. Collectors who sensibly decline to be influenced by the belief that the centuries should be kept strictly pigeon-holed, use Victoriana and 19th-century furniture in various settings with success. In this context I am frequently asked if I consider Victoriana to be 'in'. . . the answer is that it is neither in nor out, but has been in constant use by the discriminating, and more recently by those anxious to be fashionably aware of its existence."



Miss Charmian Lacey

Member of the committee of the Victorian Society. The Countess of Rosse and Mr. John Betjeman are joint vice-chairmen.

"It is always a little sad when things that you have loved and have been quietly buying for years become fashionable, because prices rise enormously. Today the most obscure junk shops are advertising Victoriana . . . I suppose it's not really surprising as the Victorian age is now far enough away to be interesting. And anyway, Victorian furniture, glass, jewellery and so on, are not only charming but also wonderful value for money when compared with the cost of really well-made and well-designed things of today. Some splendid examples of Victorian wallpapers and fabrics are still being made including William Morris papers from the original blocks."

The New Victorians

BY ALAN ROBERTS, WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HILL

SHE sat on one end of her sociable and invited me to take the other. Placing her feet on a beaded footstool she returned the magazine she had been reading to the Canterbury, took a half-finished crewel-work picture from the tea poy and began to stitch the bulrushes around the cradle in which the infant Moses was waiting to be discovered by Pharaoh's daughter. Tea in gold-lustre decorated cups was served on a rosewood Sutherland. As we drank I had time to observe such special features of the room as the plaster drapes fitted round the door frames, the ornamental iron gasolier converted for electric light, the elaborately crocheted antimacassars.

I am not recalling something from my childhood in the 1860's. It happened to me this week. My hostess was a not so old actress who has

been collecting what is now called Victoriana for the best part of her life simply because she likes it. Not long ago she suddenly realised that she was living in a goldmine—well, a silver mine, anyway. Things she bought as little as five or six years ago have trebled and quadrupled in market value. She has been offered 100 guineas for a pair of buhl cabinets she bought for 12 just after the War. Glass paperweights that cost her a few shillings 20 years ago are now worth as many pounds.

The tea poy of lacquered papier mâché inlaid with mother of pearl—once a receptacle for her grandmother's afternoon-tea paraphernalia but now—with the compartments for different teas and for sugar removed—used as a workbox, was treasured mainly for sentimental reasons but has become a rare collector's piece.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 522

VR The New Victorians

CONTINUED

She did not seem to realize exactly what had happened or why it had but she showed me two circulars that had that morning been put through her (Victorian) letterbox. The first announced a "Great Victorian Fair" at which all sorts of Victoriana was to be sold. The second said:

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Victoriana of all descriptions. Furniture, china, glass, jewellery, bronzes, brass, marble, pictures, needlework, bric-a-brac, bijouterie, dolls, toys, clocks, curios, &c.

In the past few years Victoriana has become bigger and bigger business. Reasons are not hard to find. The staggering heights to which an increased demand and diminishing supply has forced the prices of antiques—loosely defined as anything more than 100 years old but held by the strictest authorities to be pre-1830 or thereabouts—prompted interior decorators to show how pleasingly certain later Victorian pieces could be introduced into modern homes.

This idea, quickly seized on and exaggerated by writers in the popular newspapers and women's magazines resulted in a rash of brass oil lamps

adapted for electricity in suburbia. Hostesses were daily discovered to be finding new uses for *étagères*, *chiffonniers* and *purdoniums* and to be decorating lace-covered dinner tables with Victorian flower arrangements in overlay glass vases hung with cut crystal lustres. There was at least one report of embroidered pole screens—originally for shielding faces from the fire—being used as a protection against television!

In the inevitable craze that followed there has been indiscriminate buying of almost anything that passed as, or could be passed off as, Victorian—and that included an awful lot of awful Edwardian.

It is worth noting, however, that Victorian painting has been left out of this bonanza. There are, of course, buyers for any pre-Raphaelite pictures that turn up and a steady demand for the better Victorian landscapists. But there are as yet only faint signs of a trend towards the rehabilitation of the Victorian anecdotal paintings that crowded the Royal Academy summer exhibitions during the second half of the 19th century.

No doubt psychologists could show that the inclusion in contemporary



TREASURES from many periods crowd the writing surface of the Louis XV *bureau-plat* at Stanley House, Mr. Inchbald's home. The 17th-century Lion Clock is from the collection left by his uncle, the late Courtenay Ilbert; the enormous Baccarat glass and silver inkpot is one his grandfather had specially made for his grandmother after she had upset a smaller one and ink all over the carpet. The globe, with its fluted marble base is 18th-century Italian, the smaller cannon is of agate, the obelisks of bluejohn. Several of the other objects are malachite

FINE Victorian overlay glass *epervre* stands on a long Adam bench—the ideal coffee table. Michael Inchbald collects horses and this 19th-century example is in matt and burnished gilt bronze with a malachite base. He designed the 100-inch sofa to incorporate a set of antique brass lion paws used as feet. Giant Empire bronze and ormolu candelabra (one of a pair) stand on 19th-century bronze tables topped with opal glass and lit from below. Pencil portrait by Prud'hon tops a unique



Scottish silver repoussé plaque made in 1704, on a wall of soft flame velvet (the sofa matches). Louis XV armchair (one of a pair) is upholstered à chassiss, that is with removable seats, backs and arm-pads

RARE early silver centrepiece (opposite) commemorates the marriage in 1735 of William Ilbert of Bowringsleigh and Bridget Courtenay of Powderham Castle and bears the quarterings of the two families. Their descendant, Michael Inchbald, applauds his wife's gesture of filling it with a deliberately Victorian flower arrangement. On the table a large early 18th-century silver pepperpot stands next to a 19th-century salt cellar made from silver shells in the full and florid rococo tradition. The silver spoons and forks, like the pepperpot, are family possessions. Mr. Inchbald bought the pistol-handled knives himself and substituted modern stainless steel for their original sword-like blades



TWO STYLES mix happily in a Victorian house near Oxford, the home of Mrs. Graham Greene. The chairs of papier mâché with mother-of-pearl inlays are both Victorian, so are the beaded footstools and the writing desk, but the cabinet which it supports is 18th-century Italian



The New Victorians CONTINUED

homes of elaborate and ornate productions from a more leisurely age are symptomatic of a subconscious revolt—yet another “anti” movement, against the streamlined rush and tear of our society. But if the revolt is to be successful it must be made with discretion, taste and a knowledge of the vast field of Victorian production. Queen Victoria reigned a long time and Victorian design often gets credit for what is really Regency and Georgian (even French) at one end and blame for what is Edwardian at the other. It was a period during which the means of production were changing rapidly, the self-employed craftsman giving way to the factory. But for the most part the individual factory workers were still craftsmen and the work they turned out was superior in most ways to anything mass produced today.

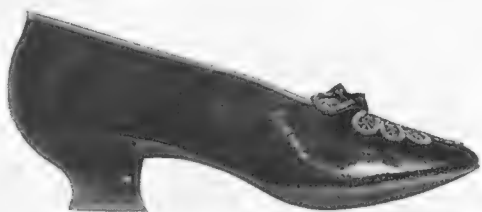
During the years in which anything Victorian (except the china and ceramics of the period) was considered *outré* many fine things were destroyed or damaged or altered beyond repair. But that there is still plenty available for the new collector is immediately apparent to anyone who walks with his eyes open along Chelsea's King's Road from Sloane Square to Fulham.

As a guide on this trip I recommend a recently-published book *Victoriana* by Violet Wood. From it you will quickly learn to tell a *bonheur-du-jour* from a davenport, a *tabouret* from a piano stool, or how to choose a cast iron garden seat, differentiate between a score of different sorts of glass and as many varieties of chinaware, recognize pieces of *bric-à-brac* from *vinaigrettes* to handcoolers, from *châtelaines* to posy holders, and how to assess the special merits of shell arrangements, featherwork pictures and spun glass ships.

What the book cannot give is the current prices of the thousands of articles it mentions. These vary enormously from piece to piece and from place to place. Recently I priced several attractive Victorian things at one end of the King's Road and found similar things twice as expen-



PROFUSION of Victorian jewellery on Mrs. Greene's dressing table includes pearl necklaces and pins, bracelets and trinkets and a tangle of beads racked on a hand modelled in Parian ware. The wallpaper design is Victorian too



SHOE of some 70 years ago from the museum of Bally of Switzerland provided inspiration for a 1960 design. Heels are almost exactly alike but the vamp of the modern shoe is without decoration



WEALTH of Victoriana in Mrs. Greene's dining room includes a Buhl cabinet; a terazzo column supporting a "classic" marble head; shells under glass. Picture of a tiger done in sand is by Zobel, a Swiss who was the Prince Regent's Court chef



WINDOW decoration of wrought iron and glass lustre hangs over a papier mâché teapoy in Mrs. Greene's drawing room



sive at the other. At the bargain end a newly upholstered sociable, or tête-à-tête, was going for £30; a handsome, mahogany, Georgian-style flunkey's seat or settle for £17; a fine crewel-stitch picture of a schooner in full sail was £12 10s.; a walnut Canterbury (a rack for papers and magazines) with whatnot top was 10 guineas and a delicate little writing table of the *bonheur-du-jour* type was only £9 15s.

Things you won't find in the shops are the 7 ft. wide beds and the 10 ft. wardrobes that were *de rigueur* in the homes of our more prosperous great-grandparents. They were magnificently made and they still turn up at sales of big old houses all over the country. Since the dealers are never much interested in them they can usually be bought very cheaply. But remember before you buy to make sure not only that your room is big enough but that your doors will let them through!

The collecting of Victoriana (and as soon as you buy your first piece it is inevitable that you will become a collector) is a fascinating business but not one to rush into. Some sort of specialization is advisable. My own special interest is in the use to which the Victorians put *papier mâché*, producing a great variety of tastefully designed things ranging from writing cases and tea trays to chairs, tables and even wardrobes. You may decide to concentrate on jewellery or glass, needlework or stuffed animals. You may, like one specialist, collect only hands. These were a favourite subject for Victorian carvers, modellers and moulders and they come in marble, ivory, iron, bronze, brass, glass and Parian ware as vases, trays, paperweights mugs, memorials or just ornaments.

Whatever you decide, feel your way carefully at first. Study your subject in books and museums (in London the Victoria & Albert Museum and the Geffrye Museum are particularly helpful) and buy only when you are sure. In this way you will surround yourself with many things of lasting beauty and probably make a good investment at the same time.

VICTORIANA has always surrounded Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling whose home, Old Battersea House, is a treasure store of 19th-Century art. She lives surrounded by pre-Raphaelite paintings and the statuary and pottery she has collected during her 95 years of life. Most prized possession: a table designed by Rossetti for Holman Hunt, made by William Morris under the supervision of Ford Madox Brown



CONCLUDED



LORD KILBRACKEN:

My nap selection

I WRITE today in the hope of contacting an astrologer. Not just any old astrologer, but a particular one of singular importance whose name and address I have unaccountably forgotten. I have excellent reasons for wanting to get in touch with him again. If he happens to read these words (or to extra-sensorily perceive them), perhaps he will communicate with me—telepathically or otherwise. The facts of the matter are simple, if the least bit unusual.

When I was an undergraduate at Balliol (more than 14 years ago), I began dreaming the results of the next day's races. I can't help it if you don't believe this; I just *did*. There were many witnesses each time, and several of them won more than I did on my dream selections (or naps) owing to my sceptical nature. The first two were called Bindal and Juladin; they won next day—it was 9 March, 1946—paying just under 8-1 as a win double, which was how I backed them. A month later came Tuberoze, who trotted in at 100-6, winning me a "pony" for my modest each-way bet. Three months later, I dreamed Mentores, unfortunately a 6-4 favourite—I couldn't *always* dream outsiders. He won, too.

On each of these occasions, I had dreamed that I was looking at the next morning's paper. I had by now won £65—a vast sum in those days, and far from insignificant even today. For a year after Mentores, my psychic powers remained dormant (if that's the right word in this context) despite experiments with ouija boards, welsh rarebits and the like. But then they woke up again. I dreamed I was on a racecourse and saw two horses win: one was called The Bogy, and I recognized the other—for my dream was in glorious technicolour—as being ridden by Edgar Britt in the Gaekwar of Baroda's silks. The Gaekwar had only one

runner next day—Baroda Squadron, to be ridden by Britt. There was no horse called The Bogy, but there was one called The Brogue, which was good enough for me. I backed them in a double, and both won with ease.

Four months later, I made my first mistake. I dreamed that Claro won the Cambridgeshire. Now, having already backed Claro for purely rational reasons before I had the dream, this put it, I felt, in a different category. It was wishful thinking (or dreaming). Claro was unplaced, and a year of dreamlessness followed.

Early in '49, things started up again. First I dreamed Timocrat, who duly won at Cheltenham at 4-1. Then, next month, I saw Pretence and Monk's Mistake win (both in the same dreams). In an access of optimism, I had a £20 win double which stood to win £1,240. Pretence won in a canter at 8-1. But Monk's Mistake, ridden by my old friend Attie Corbett, hit the top of the last fence when going into the lead like a winner, and could only finish third. My winnings for the day were a mere £44.

Now this is the point where my astrologer comes in. My dreams stopped dead with Monk's Mistake. A few years later an account of them appeared in a popular newspaper, and this was read by my psychic fan in, as I remember it, one of the red-brick regions of Metroland. Having ascertained my place and date of birth, he wrote five or six pages, in a neat and educated hand, of astrological chit-chat, in such highly technical jargon—things like *the Moon is in the second sub-quadrant of Venus*—that it meant absolutely nothing to me. Around page 7, however, he became most intelligible. I was not to be worried, he wrote, if the dreams had ended. The arrangement of the stars, for the time being, was completely hopeless for dreaming. But in early 1958, he informed me, exactly the same astral con-

ditions would obtain as previously, and I could confidently look forward to a recurrence then.

That meant waiting a couple of years or more, but I never forgot my astrologer's prophecy. I welcomed 1958 as a year of promise. And in February, in Monte Carlo, the prophecy came true: I dreamed that the Grand National was won by the third favourite, a horse named What Man. I managed to get hold of a list of the National runners, and found that only one of their names bore any resemblance at all to my dreamwinner—a certain animal with the name of Mr. What. He was, however, nowhere near third favourite. The race was several weeks away and he was a rank outsider at 66-1. I therefore decided that this wasn't close enough to my dream and didn't have a bet when those wonderful odds were available. But on the day of the race—lo and behold!—he had been backed down to 18-1 and was third favourite indeed. I rang up my London bookie and had £25 to win.

The consequent ingress of £450 was welcome, especially when I followed this up with another dream winner less than a month later, though this one was an even-money favourite. And then, once again, my psychic forces left me. That's why I want to find my astrologer again. Two years have gone by—nearly three—and I find I'm not *nearly* as good at picking winners when I have to rely on orthodox factors like Form, Inside Information and The Horse's Mouth. The stars, I feel, must have rearranged themselves again—unimpeded, I hope, by sputniks and other foreign bodies—and 1961, perhaps, is predestined to be another dreaming year. Only my astrologer knows. I'd be glad to hear from him soon so that I can go ahead at once and make the necessary plans for investing my winnings.



COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

Oriental outposts

ORIENTAL FLAVOUR in a **Thai** kite of brilliant hand-painted rice paper comes from a recent exhibition of Thailand crafts staged at Primavera, Sloane Street. The delicate temple wind-bells (*bottom left and right*) in brass or copper with twisting dragons and gilded metal clappers are also from Primavera. Bat-kite: 7s. 6d., wind-bells: from 5s. **Burmese** black lacquered pumpkin shaped trinket box touched with gold is part of a collection at the Marco Polo Shop which houses the first range of Burmese lacquerwork

seen here since the war. Five sizes from 30s. to 5 gns. **Chinese** semi-precious stone fruits—one is a jade pomegranate with nephrite leaves, the other a bunch of rose quartz grapes with leaves of nephrite, cost 6 gns. and 13 gns. respectively from a handful at the Marco Polo Shop (Lansdowne Row, off Berkeley Street), who have a collection of Oriental objets d'art. **Chinese** white carved jade miniature vase on a carved wooden stand: £74 15s. 6d. from a collection of modern jade at Fortnum & Mason. **Japanese**

hand-painted doll has a head which squawks as it is turned, costs 6s. 6d. from a recent exhibition at Liberty's whose fascinating collection of Oriental and Eastern objects and fabrics is ever-changing. **Chinese** children support coloured satin pincushions: 3s. 6d. **Tibetan** hand-beaten gilded box studded with coral, turquoise and beads: 37s. 6d. from a showing of Tibetan crafts. **Chinese** bracelet and ear-rings in carved silver gilt set with semi-precious stones: 10½ gns. and £4 14s. 6d. All from Liberty's.

*A mountain top pushed into the sea makes a
runway for incoming B.O.A.C. Comets
touching down at Kai Tak, a forest of junks
and sampans makes a floating village with
two restaurants—and a cosmopolitan
population of more than two million people
helps to make Hong Kong just about the most
exciting place on earth—especially at night*



The fishing village of Aberdeen, with its tangle of junks and sampans, has two famous floating restaurants. Naturally the speciality is sea food which swims around in pens alongside the brilliantly lit houseboats awaiting the customer's choice. It's wise to leave the menu to the manager and to allow yourself at least two hours to do full justice to the meal. Arriving (right) in a sampan a first-time visitor to the Tai Pak houseboat wears a glittering dress of golden mesh tricot, low-waisted, sleeveless and fastening down the back. A Polly Peck model at Jays, Oxford Circus, W.1; Peter Robinson, Liverpool; Cyril Livingstone, Leeds; in early December. Price: £7 9s. 6d. Gilt and pearl necklace by Corocraft. Far right: Aboard the Tai Pak with the lights of Aberdeen reflected in the water, a dress and jacket of silver grey lamé. The dress worn under the bloused jacket is sleeveless and has a tightly fitted bodice. A Susan Small model at Hunts, New Bond Street, W.1; Vogue, Cambridge; Bobby's, Eastbourne. About 19½ gns.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL DUNNE





HONG KONG NIGHTS *continued*

Hong Kong island is only 11 miles long but most of its teeming population of over two million live herded in Victoria or on the sampans that pack the ports and inlets, leaving the beaches quite free and unspoiled. Repulse Bay, facing the South China Sea, is ringed with small uninhabited islands and dotted with private houses whose gardens lead down to the beach. *Opposite:* A dinner guest at one of them wears a dress of burnt orange Thai silk, slit to the thigh like a Chinese *cheongsam*. At the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street, W.1. Price: 33½ gns. Cascade necklace and bracelet of jade green crystal beads from Vendôme. *Right:* Well-suited to the sun-down hour with a view of the Bay from the terrace. Dorville's elasticized silver lamé pants with a matching shirt. On sale at Barnett Hutton, Oxford Street, W.1; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. Prices: the pants: 14½ gns. shirt 9 gns. *Below:* With a basket of hibiscus flowers. Pure silk chiffon dress in pale chartreuse with pleated floating panels topping a sheath of double layered chiffon mounted on silk taffeta. The high waist is tight-circled by a sash. Made to measure at the Welch Boutique, Grosvenor St., about 60 gns.





華
洋服

FLY BOAC COMET 4 JUNE
to RANGOON
the Luxe First & Tourist Class Services

HONG KONG NIGHTS *continued*

Brilliantly coloured neon lights and garishly painted shop signs line the streets of Kowloon. Favoured meeting place is the smart Miramar Hotel where those who like their local colour diluted can indulge the taste in the Mandarin Room. There a palm court orchestra alternates with traditional Chinese singers and dancers and Chinese food is served only if you prefer it. *Alongside:* At the Miramar, a dress of cotton and gold Lurex brocade edged with gold net. From Worth Wholesale at Nora Bradley, S.W.3; Miss Stewart, Harrogate; David Lewis, Brentwood, price: 45 gns. Gilt and topaz bracelet and earrings by Vendôme. *Below:* At the Princess Garden restaurant the full-skirted, low-backed dress that goes with the coat on the opposite page. The delicacy is Peking Duck filled with spices and barbecued slowly in a honeyed sauce, then served in tiny slices rolled in pancakes with onion shoots and sweet sauce. The skin is regarded as the choice part of the duck and at Chinese banquet is usually served to the men.



Opposite: Easiest way to get about Hong Kong or Kowloon is by rickshaw (no parking problems). This one was carrying its passenger to the Princess Garden restaurant in Kowloon. The coat is of aubergine satin worn over the matching dress shown above. Two-piece by Jean Allen at Liberty's, W.1; County Clothes, Cheltenham; McDonalds, Glasgow, 36 gns.

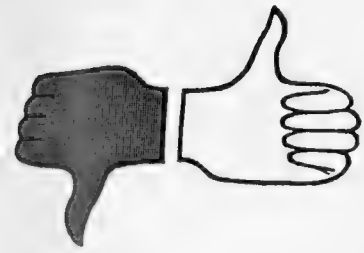
HOW TO GET THERE: London—Hong Kong is a long hop; the direct flight takes about 23 hours but the journey can be broken for stop-offs if previous arrangements have been made. B.O.A.C. have daily flights from London by Comet 4 Jetliner on various routes. Two are via Rome-Istanbul-Teheran-Delhi-Bangkok, or Zurich-Cairo-Karachi-Calcutta-Bangkok. The First class return fare is £640 16s. and Economy return fare costs £374 8s.



HONG KONG NIGHTS *concluded*

A Buddhist temple in the hills overlooking Castle Peak Bay in the New Territories on the mainland opposite Hong Kong island provides the setting for a black satin dress to be worn under the brocade coat shown on the cover. Made by London Town Dresses, it can be bought at Marcel of Knightsbridge; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Griffiths, Chester, price 18½ gns. Necklace by Vendôme. *Above:* Cocktail jacket with tapered pants can be worn alternatively with a matching skirt. It is made of golden-coloured knitted pure silk. From the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street, W.1, to order only, prices on application. Pearl and crystal cascade necklace and rhinestone bracelet by Vendôme. Background is a sugar plantation at Yuen Long on the mainland. The New Territories stretch from Kowloon 22 miles to the frontier of Communist China. Huge modern factories are springing up there along with vast new roadworks. And though the original 99-year lease has only 37 more to run, the only people who seem to worry about that are the tourists who drive out from Kowloon to peer across the frontier at Red China





VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON

THEATRE

La, if it isn't Mr. Steele

THE CHIEF POINT OF PERSONAL interest in the Old Vic's revival of *She Stoops To Conquer* is the casting of Mr. Tommy Steele as Tony Lumpkin. It is an experiment that must be rated as a success, for by strenuous and effective work its subject endears himself to the audience; yet I find myself wishing that it had been conducted on other lines.

While Mr. Steele is in process of developing from a teenage prodigy of the pop singing world into an actor, he is naturally much dependent on his producer. Mr. Douglas Seale encourages him to run riot, to represent the earthy, oafish country squire as a Cockney wide boy, to strut and play the noisy town-bred jackanapes. The comedy has been called, rather startlingly, our first modern comedy of class distinctions. Certainly it has a hero who is only at ease with barmaids and scared to death by young ladies of quality, but his trouble surely is a not uncommon form of shyness and carries no particular social implications.

Goldsmith is obviously less concerned with class distinction as such than to point a comic contrast between town and country manners. When Mrs. Harcastle asks in the first speech of the play if there is a creature in the whole country, but themselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little, her husband at once replies "Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home."

There is nothing in the least Brechtian about this evergreen comedy. On the one side are the elegant young gentlemen from town shown to be infinitely gullible when

caught out of their element; on the other the country beauty sparkling with mischief and her brother with his own thick bucolic notion of fun. Their manners are different, but they belong to exactly the same class. By playing Lumpkin as a town lout Mr. Steele therefore blunts the essential point of contrast, which is between rustic guile and urban sophistication, but I believe he would have repaid any producer who used a firmer hand and tried to bring him into line with a classical treatment of the play.

I remember how responsive he was to quietist directorial methods when he played Buttons in pantomime, a

performance of gentle humour that gave greater promise than his present music hall turn at the Old Vic that his conscientious attempt to learn the business of straight acting will eventually be crowned with success.

Mr. Seale seems to have started his production with the firm conviction that it would be useless for him to try to impose a consistent style on the Goldsmith comedy. Instead of telling his company that they were dealing with an artificial play written for an artificial age, he apparently decided that if each actor followed the style natural to him the result would be reasonably



JEFF VICKERS

WELSH-BORN ALUN OWEN, whose *Progress To The Park* is now at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., started playwriting three years ago, and soon became known to television viewers with such plays as *After The Funeral* and *Lena, Oh My Lena*. His *Rough & Ready Lot* was staged at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, in summer 1959. He has now formed a company with Stanley Baker and Joseph Losey, to make a film next year of *No Tram To Lime Street*, another TV success. He is 33, married with one child, and lives in Holland Park

The play

She Stoops To Conquer. The Old Vic. (Tommy Steele, Judi Dench, Peggy Mount.)

The films

Never On Sunday. Director Jules Dassin. (Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.)

North To Alaska. Director Henry Hathaway. (John Wayne, Stewart Granger, Ernie Kovacs, Capucine, Fabian.)

Butterfield 8. Director Daniel Mann. (Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, Dina Merrill.)

Faces In The Dark. Director David L. (John Gregson, Mai Zetterling, John Ireland, Michael Denison, Tony Wright.)

The books

The Glass Ladder, by June. (Heinemann, 25s.)

Garbo, by Fritiof Billquist. (Barker, 25s.)

The Love View, by Philip O'Connor. (Faber, 16s.)

The Sovereigns, by Roger Vailland, Tr. Peter Wiles. (Cape, 16s.)

Come Here Till I Tell You, by Patrick Campbell. (Hutchinson, 21s.)

The Journal Of Christopher Columbus. (Blond, Orion, 45s.)

Toulouse Lautrec, by Henri Perruchon. (Perpetua, 35s.)

Love & The English, by Nina Epton. (Dassell, 25s.)

A Dance In Darkness, by David Stacton. (Faber, 18s.)

Mrs. Harris Goes To New York, by Paul Gallico. (Michael Joseph, 10s.)

A Picture History Of The Cinema. (Vista Books, 35s.)

The records

The Nutcracker Suite, by Duke Ellington

Satchmo Plays King Oliver, by Louis Armstrong.

Hamp's Big Band, by Lionel Hampton.

The gallery

Philip Wilson Steer. Tate Gallery.

enjoyable. And so, beyond doubt, it is. Where disparate styles plainly work against each other, general high spirits carry the comedy along happily enough, and however the judicious may grieve their tears go unnoticed in the general merriment that prevails.

Miss Peggy Mount is the great success of the evening. With two tall plumes waving intimidatingly from her hair her coquettishness is as funny as her uncontrollable lapses into vulgarity.

Her tremendous vocal stamina is unfailing, her eye remains at moments of acute discomfiture unquailing, and in the comparatively quiet scene where she flirts with Hastings she gives even the strictly judicious exquisite pleasure. Mr. Nicholas Meredith sees Mr. Hardcastle not as a crusty but kindly old country gentleman, but rather as a calmly observant Mr. Benet out of *Pride and Prejudice*; and makes good his view in an admirable performance.

A little way after Miss Peggy Mount in popularity comes Miss Judi Dench, mainly on account of the irresistible manner in which she plays the scene of Kate stooping to conquer Marlow as a barmaid. Up to that point Mr. John Humphrey's Marlow has been a rather cold fish, but here he is carried away by his partner's high-spirited playing and keeps his part going splendidly thereafter.

ELSPETH GRANT ON

CINEMA

A film to knock the knockers

IN ONE OF THOSE SMALL, INTIMATE restaurants where you can't help hearing your neighbour's conversation—because they *will* speak up as if addressing the multitude from the steps of the Albert Memorial—a grey-haired gentleman was deploring the lack of alluring entertainment in London. "One goes less and less to the theatre," he yawned: "And, of course, one never goes at all to the pictures." His younger companion shuddered and closed his eyes in horror: "One *can't*!" he said simply.

One can, you know—and one should: there is nothing wrong with the cinema that a discriminating public could not remedy by giving enthusiastic support to the best films and complaining vociferously to the managements about the worst. It seems a little hard that all films should be condemned out of hand by somebody who would appear to

have avoided them since the days, pre-1928, when they were known as "the pictures"—or, if this is just the modish opprobrious term, that an effete sexagenarian should deprive his juniors of cinematic entertainment by blinding them with his own outmoded brand of intellectual snobbery.

A fig for such fellows! You I hope, and certainly I, will continue to go to the cinema, regardless—and this week I suggest you start with *Never On Sunday*, a joyous frolic through which Miss Melina Mercouri, blazing with personality, romps uninhibitedly as Ilya, the most popular prostitute in Piraeus, a Greek port.

M. Jules Dassin who wrote and directed the film has, somewhat misguidedly I think, elected to star in it as a sort of elderly boy scout—an American student of philosophy, name of Homer, who has come to Greece in search of truth. Let it pass that he seems irritatingly self-conscious in the opening scenes: you will forget about that as soon as Miss Mercouri, who doesn't know the meaning of the word, takes over and starts things moving.

Ilya enjoys her way of life—Homer strongly disapproves of it and hopes to lead her to the path of virtue by educating her. The local pimp (Mr. Alex Salomos), for whom the independent Ilya has always refused to work, is so pleased to think she will be going out of business that he willingly finances the project. Ilya, having agreed to give Culture a whirl, loyally applies herself to her lessons—until she learns of Homer's pact with the detested Mr. Salomos, when her rage is glorious to see. Volcanoes in eruption are tame compared with Miss Mercouri in revolt.

In the end, of course, it is Homer who "reforms": he becomes one of the happy hedonists who apparently abound in Piraeus. The basic pattern is familiar but the incidentals are rare and refreshing. Miss Mercouri expounding her own happy-ending version of *Medea*, the music (composed by Mr. Manos Hadjidakis), the dancing, the spontaneity, vitality and gaiety—all these combine to make this a deliciously entertaining (if amoral) film. Do see it.

Those to whom the sound of horny fists coming in cracking contact with granite jaws is as music will have a wonderful time at *North To Alaska*—a rollicking Western-type offering (set in Alaska, period 1900), full of superbly staged fights from which I winced away so violently that I still have a crick in the neck.

Messrs. John Wayne and Stewart Granger are partners who have struck it rich in the gold rush. While Mr. Granger stays home at the mine, Mr. Wayne is sent to Seattle to fetch back Mr. G.'s fiancée. He finds the faithless creature has married somebody else.

Maybe Mr. Granger would settle for some other girl—say Capucine, the beauty Mr. Wayne picks up in a "honky-tonk" called The Hen House? Her persuades her, with little difficulty, to travel north with him.

She is under the impression that Mr. Wayne wants her for himself and is a little disconcerted to learn she is intended as a consolation prize for Mr. Granger—but her profession (the same as Ilya's) has taught her to be adaptable and she accepts the situation gracefully. After all, there's a gold mine waiting at the end of the long road—to say nothing of Mr. Ernie Kovacs and the young "pop" singer, Fabian. Crick in the neck or no, I have to admit the film is never dull.

Wildest of the week's wantons is Miss Elizabeth Taylor in *Butterfield 8*—a cautionary tale with little to recommend it but a high gloss. Because she was seduced at the age of 13, she goes revengefully rampaging round New York picking-up and scornfully discarding lovers by the score. When she falls in love, for the first time in her life, it is with a married man, Mr. Laurence Harvey, whom she confidently believes she can happily marry—once he has succeeded in divorcing his rich wife.

Miss Taylor's psychiatrist warns her that things may not work out so well—and he is right. Her past begins to catch up with her and in trying to escape from it she comes to a horrid end in one of the most spectacular car crashes I have ever seen. Mr. Harvey gives his worst performance to date: he seems to have been thrown by the phoneyess of the dialogue. Miss Taylor, on the other hand, again proves herself a considerable actress: she can even lend conviction to such impossible lines as "The deep shame of it did



A SIREN WHISPERS. *The temptress Ilya (Melina Mercouri) persuades the serious-minded Homer (Jules Dassin) that there is more to life than the pursuit of Greek drama and philosophy, in Never On Sunday*

not come until later"—which you will certainly have to allow is no mean feat.

In *Faces In The Dark*, Mr. John Gregson, as a ruthless and far from couth industrialist, is blinded by an exploding electric light bulb. After months in hospital, he is flown to his house in Cornwall where he is surrounded by a faithless wife (Miss Mai Zetterling), an ambitious partner (Mr. Michael Denison), a sponging brother (Mr. John Ireland) and a sinister chauffeur (Mr. Tony Wright)—none of whom appears to wish him well.

If you are not overcome by a strong odour of red herrings, shoals of which are introduced early on, you can count upon being knocked cold by the utter incredibility of the ending. The impudence of these scriptwriters!

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON

BOOKS

My vote is for John Gilbert

NO TIME TO LINGER, NOT A MOMENT to spare; more notes this week, and if anyone has time for a bite of food or a wink of sleep before Christmas, what with the reading there is to be done, I shall be astonished.

June's autobiography, *The Glass Ladder*, is vastly long and wandering, but if you want to know how Babe Barnato was cross because this pretty lady kissed Jack Buchanan on stage through any number of curtains, not to mention the gloomy history of her marriage to Lord Inverclyde, it's all here in detail. Sometimes a lush touch of *Young Visitors* style creeps in ("He pinned the lovely bauble on my shoulder..."), "...the smile the Duchess bestowed on me as I sank into a low curtsy remains one of my most precious memories"), and when the background becomes extremely grand the author gets carried away a little and is inclined to write about ancient edifices where people resided. . . .

I can't imagine any satisfactory book about Garbo except a jumbo collection of photographs, which as far as I know does not yet exist, or an autobiography, which would presumably be unthinkable. Fritiof Billquist's *Garbo* seems to me the usual publicity-level stuff about the pine-tree goddess and how she feels lonely and defenceless in crowds, when she eats sandwiches, and how easily she gets tired. The character I liked most was jolly John Gilbert, the indefatigable lover, who

stood on a box to play love scenes and from time to time gave his restless heart to such brisk, astringent ladies as Dorothy Parker and Beatrice Lillie.

Philip O'Connor, who wrote that uncomfortable, wild autobiography *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, has followed it with *The Lower View*, a strange, scratchy, turbulent and often confused further account of his life as writer and wanderer. It doesn't aim to please, but the author is an original and there is no one else quite like him. . . . Roger Vailand (he wrote *The Law*) is the author of *The Sovereigns*, translated by Peter Wiles, which seemed to me a tiresome and silly book about a novelist who justifies his urge for a little extra-marital affair (he is stuck on a novel and badly in need of a break) with a great deal of nonsense about personal sovereignty. . . . Patrick Campbell is a genuinely funny writer (and after *The Sovereigns*, one needs him badly) and the collection of his wild unbridled occasional pieces called *Come Here Till I Tell You* has a sort of crazy sanity I like enormously.

As a lifelong devotee of plain nonsense paperbacks, I sometimes develop an acute secret craving for something wildly *de luxe*, a plateful of caviar in book-production. *The Journal of Christopher Columbus* is just that, a ravishingly pretty book, beautifully illustrated. It is also a deeply touching document, the voyage of Columbus studded with the repeated little entry "He kept his course to the west" telling his crew all the way that they had sailed less far than in fact they had, to keep up their spirits. On the return voyage, there is a marvellous entry about a storm, during which Columbus, in mortal fear that if the ship went down "the Sovereigns would not know the services which he had rendered to them on that voyage and the most favourable news which he was bearing to them, so that they might be moved to succour his sons," writes a hasty account of his triumph and throws it into the sea in a wooden barrel,

again without explanation to the crew.

Lautree mocked his own appallingly grotesque appearance, bought affection in brothels, suffered from excessive drinking and syphilis, and remarked on his deathbed to his impossible father, "I knew you'd be in at the death, Papa." He bore his life so recklessly and with such a savage courage that *Toulouse-Lautree* by Henri Perruchot, translated by Humphrey Hare, leaves one with an impression of violent vitality and strength rather than misery. It contains a great number of extraordinary photographs, pitiful and bizarre, including some of Lautree's most famous models.

Love and the English by Nina Epton is a gigantic, learned and entertaining book which reaches the same old conclusion, alas, which now seems pretty much inevitable. The English are simply not very good at it. In the first chapter Miss Epton explains that the English custom of the ladies retiring at top speed from the dinner table dates from Anglo-Saxon carousals at which the men were accustomed to run slightly berserk with all that mead. From then on, Englishwomen never really stood a chance. . . . *A Dancer in Darkness* by David Staeton is a very strange piece of work—a re-telling of *The Duchess of Malfi*, already done more than adequately by Webster. . . . and *Mrs. Harris Goes to New York* by Paul Gallico tells of how the lovable Cockney char, who so captivates Mr. Gallico and so embarrasses me, kidnaps a sad small boy and goes with her friend Mrs. Violet Butterfield to New York to find little Henry's father. Mrs. Butterfield is always throwing her apron over her head in moments of stress, and if Mr. Gallico has really seen anyone actually do this his life is altogether richer and stranger than mine. . . . *A Picture History of the Cinema*, by Ernest Lingren, is a fascinating collection of captioned stills, which suffers badly from overcrowding and monotony of layout.

GERALD LASCELLES ON

RECORDS

This may steam the monacles

MY NUMBER ONE CHOICE FROM THE big bands records this month is Duke Ellington's *Nutcracker suite*, which will certainly not make Tchaikovsky turn in his grave, but may understandably make the more conservative classicists raise their already arched eyebrows, or cause their monacles to steam-up. Duke has been addicted to writing suites for some years—*Perfume suite*, *Liberian suite*, *Black, brown and beige*, and his best known *Such sweet thunder*, to wit—but this is the first time he has launched a frontal attack on another man's music.

Ducally speaking, the main change from his other suites is that there are fewer "mood" passages, unless the intriguing *Chinoiserie* qualifies for this category. I expect you will think me ridiculous for talking in terms of rhythm sections in this context, but here for the first time you can hear the new Ellington section, with Aaron Bell on bass and Sam Woodyard once again firmly established on drums, and there is a more pronounced emphasis on rhythm in this suite than in any other that I can recall.

I have an inborn horror of "jazzing the classics," and my first reaction was that Duke could do better using his own material. Then I heard what he had done with this 1892 Tchaikovsky and I ceased to worry. The suite has become an alliance between two great romantic composers, the one brought up in the period when 3/4 tempo meant

waltz-time, the other versed in European harmony allied to a Western beat. The whole is purveyed with an impish wit which extends from the retitled *Sugar rum cherry* (guess what!) to the scintillating march, *Peanut brittle brigade*. The orchestral gem of the suite comes in the shape of *Danse of the floreadores*, a plethora of sound which passes the well-known theme from plunger muted trombone to trumpet and then clarinet, only to be surpassed by a reed ensemble which is underlined by four very firm-voiced trombones. The ultimate solo voice is achieved by Lawrence Brown's trombone, making a sound which only Ellington could conceive in this context.

When I lunched with the indefatigable Satchmo Armstrong last month, he was full of the success and satisfaction he had had from his All Stars' album recorded in Hollywood towards the end of last year. For record buyers at home it is important not only for its high quality musical content but also as an introduction to the Audio Fidelity label. The extra cost of the records (a 12 in. LP Stereo disc retails at 47s.) seems to be amply justified by the lavish production and impeccable recording technique, which is seldom matched by those labels selling at the normal prices. *Satchmo plays King Oliver* (AFSD 5930) presents some of the classic pieces which the former and present reigning kings of jazz trumpet used to play together.

The music, a sort of informal rehash of the old Dixieland style which started Louis on his career to stardom, is not unfamiliar, but it carries with it a message which none of the contemporary copyists can ever hope even to imitate.

On the same label you can hear a boisterous but unimportant big band album of Lionel Hampton's hits (AFSD 5913), where even the top-class recording facilities seem to be somewhat overwhelmed by the onslaught of blaring brass.

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LANCÔME

ALAN ROBERTS ON

GALLERIES

The riddle of
Wilson Steer

"HIS LIFE WAS UNEVENTFUL, HIS character unspectacular." So says Andrew Forge of Steer in his introduction to the catalogue of the Arts Council's exhibition at the Tate. So, in fact, says almost everyone who has ever written about Steer. And of course they are right in a sense.

Yet even the most cursory look around this Centenary show (he was born in 1860) proves that at least one thing of importance to us did happen to him.

Its beginning was in 1882 when he failed to make the necessary academic grade for admission to the Royal Academy Schools. This was undoubtedly a blessing without disguise, for success in that direction could have meant, in the case of a man so impressionable and reputedly lazy-minded as Steer, a smothering of the delicate seeds of originality in him.

As a result of his failure he went instead to Paris where he stayed for two years. An event similar to the one that had sent him to Paris ended his studies there. Always the conservative Englishman, he had scarcely "mixed with the natives" at all and was unable even to contemplate the compulsory French examination which the Ecole Des Beaux Arts introduced in 1884. So he returned to London. London and Walberswick in Suffolk.

At the Tate the other day the exhilarating paintings he made at Walberswick between 1884 and 1894 seemed to me to stand out a mile, refuting the "uneventfulness" of his life, at least during that period.

The more I thought about these pictures—beach scenes painted in vibrant, exciting colours and peopled by strange, elongated young women with a slightly surrealist air around them, the more mystified I became. What had happened to the Steer who painted them? Why had he so suddenly stopped painting them?

I suppose that I was subconsciously looking for the answers to these questions when I picked up Sir John Rothenstein's *Modern English Painters* on the Gallery bookstall. But I did not find them. What I did find was that Sir John was equally puzzled.

He calls the Walberswick pictures "a splendid beginning, precipitately and mysteriously abandoned" and



MODEL IN A FUR HAT, painted by Wilson Steer in 1905. A picture in the Tate Gallery exhibition

goes on to say that the differences between them and the most characteristic works of the artist's later life are so radical as to be apparent to the least practised eye. It is "a total transformation of Steer's outlook, which appears to me to be the most important event in his life," he sums up.

Since Rothenstein, who knew Steer well, could not answer the puzzle it would be presumptuous of me to attempt it. Apparently Steer got cold feet. He had dipped his toes into the stream of French experimental painting and had then come running back to the safe haven of the English landscape tradition.

Perhaps, as the psychologists may one day tell us, it was cowardice or laziness. Or perhaps it was the result of some dramatic outside event that the biographers missed. Until we know, admiration for Steer's fine Impressionist-cum-Constable landscapes, of which there are several in the show, is likely to be tempered, irrationally, by regrets for what might have been.

Steer, whose worst enemies in his lifetime were his friends—friends who exalted him above Constable—has now unwittingly evoked a gallery of sympathetic critics who cannot fully enjoy the wood of his achievement because they are too busy lamenting the trees that might have been, if only. . . .

Even Andrew Forge talks of "the disappointment we might feel in his life's work as a whole." But why feel disappointment at all? Of course there are pictures at the Tate that must be adjudged failures—those prim nudes in the rococo settings, in particular—but each one is offset by half a dozen delights; the brilliance of the Severn Valley panoramas, the intuitive simplicity of the watercolour seascapes, the truthfulness of a portrait like that of the artist's old housekeeper.

Judge for yourself, either at the Tate, where the exhibition continues until December 11, or at the six provincial galleries which will be visiting in the New Year.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY by ALBERT ADAIR



THE MID-18TH CENTURY saw many rapid changes of taste in interior decoration. The rule of Palladio, introduced by Lord Burlington and William Kent, was superseded in turn by French (rococo), Gothic and Chinese until all were swept aside by the classical revival of Robert Adam. The Chinese vogue in particular was a reaction against the symmetry of Palladian classicism. It was fanciful, gay and romantic and subject to none of the accepted rules of European design. Chinese hand painted wallpapers provided some of the loveliest examples of its novelty and engaging asymmetry. Whole walls were covered with one meandering landscape consisting either of flowering trees and shrubs, with birds of paradise and butterflies, or depicting unrelated scenes of Chinese daily life with pagodas and mandarins or ladies sipping tea. Some showed ships at sea, others were still-life compositions. There is a beautiful example of the first at Temple Newsam House in Yorkshire and of the second—with each panel representing a different scene—in the Fitzwilliam home at Milton in Northamptonshire.

These imported Chinese paper hangings were expensive luxuries and most have lasted well. This is because they were not pasted direct on to plastered walls as is done today. In those days a wooden framework was first fastened to the bare wall, standing out some inches from it, thus leaving an air space in between. Canvas was stretched over the frames and the wallpaper fixed to it and sometimes varnished to give greater durability.

Sets of these Chinese wallpapers have before now been discovered in attics, still packed in their original boxes, having never seen the light of day. The paper shown alongside was found in an attic in Sweden and acquired by the contemporary Swedish painter, William Gibson (of Scottish extraction), who built his present home at Glumslöv in southern Sweden to contain this wonderful example of the art.

Study the room in which it hangs. It is a modern room in a modern house—with Chippendale chairs, Adam pedestal and urn, French rococo chandelier, Persian carpet and a Chinese wallpaper—all 18th century and all exactly right.

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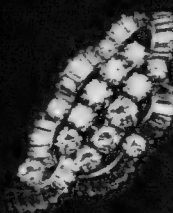
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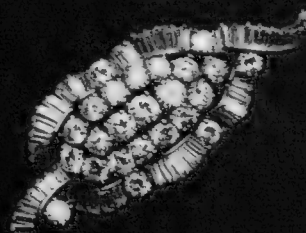
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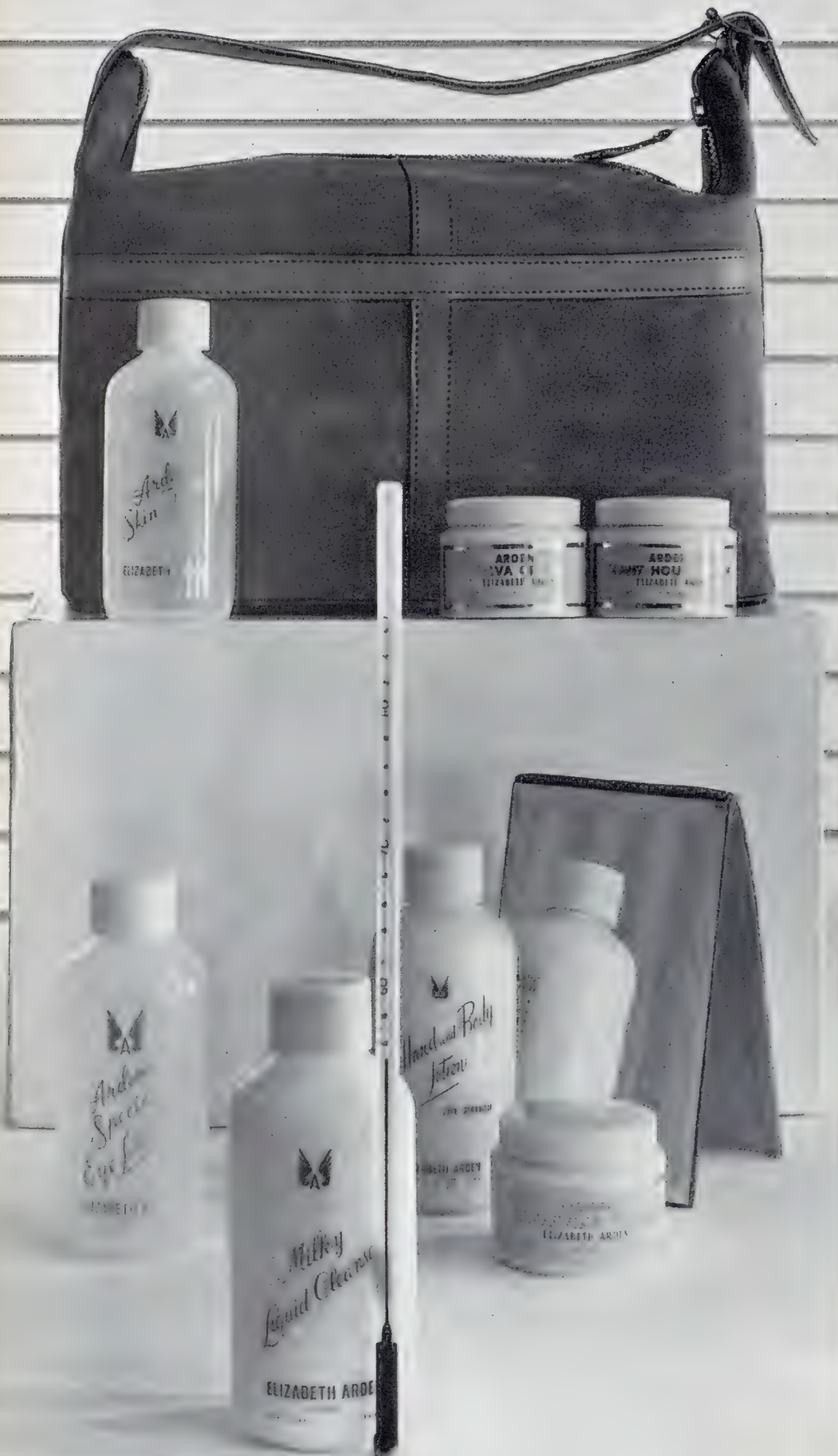
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The face needs a soft soothing make up too. Specially kind in the cold is Lancôme's new powder and Maquivit pressed powder. Both of mist-fine texture and scented with the subtle but warm *Magie*, they are designed for dry skins. In with the first breath of chilly air comes Shulton's *Desert Flower*—a warm, woody scent but with a light touch, too, blended from citrus blossoms, jasmine, aromatics. *Hand and Body* Lotion keeps skin supple, costs 16s. 6d.

PRISCILLA CONRAN



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Pâtés for parties

WITH CHRISTMAS PARTIES IN MIND, it occurred to me that *pâtés* would be timely. They are excellent as an hors d'oeuvre, or on dry biscuits or snippets of toast as cocktail snacks. I have written of *pâtés* on previous occasions, but shall now "recap."

PIG'S LIVER PATE. The recipe for this was given to me by the chef of my favourite hotel on the Riviera. Its making is a two-day, "staggered," operation. To develop its full flavour, it should be left for 3 to 5 days before being served. If covered and stored in the refrigerator it will keep excellently for at least three weeks. The saltpetre in it is for preservation.

After removing any unwanted tissue, cut 8 oz. pig's liver and 8 oz. fat chest of pork into strips approximately 1 inch by 1½ inches. Place them in a basin large enough to contain all the other ingredients. Add a chopped tiny onion, a chopped clove of garlic, a tiny pinch of saltpetre, ¼ teaspoon freshly milled pepper, 1 oz. dry white wine, 1½ oz. brandy, 2 oz. olive oil, ½ teaspoon *gros sel* (salt in crystals), ½ teaspoon powdered thyme, a bay leaf, 1 teaspoon sugar, and finally another 1 to 2 oz. dry white wine. Mix all very well together, cover and place in the refrigerator until next day.

Pass the mixture through the coarse blades of the mincing-machine. Add a raw egg and beat thoroughly. Then add 2 quartered chicken livers, freed of tissue and any green spots, and, if available, a tiny can of truffles.

Spread out thin slices of pork fat with the back of a knife until they are much thinner. Line a terrine or *soufflé* dish with them, pressing them firmly to it and leaving enough hanging over the side of the dish to be drawn over the meat mixture later on.

Fill the dish with the *purée* and draw the ends of the pork fat over it to meet on top. Cover the dish, then stand it in a baking-tin with water reaching half-way up the sides of the dish. Bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3, then reduce the heat to 275 degrees Fahr. or gas mark ½ to ¾ and bake for a further one-and-a-half hours.

Remove the dish from the oven. Have ready enough liquid aspic of a

consistency to set firm when cold (aspic powder and hot water will do). Pour enough of the hot aspic into the dish as almost to fill it, and cover with a piece of wood, cut to fit the dish exactly. (If a round dish is used, cover with a small plate or saucer of suitable size.) Put a weight on top.

When the mixture is cold, place the dish in the least cold part of the refrigerator and leave it for 3 to 5 days before using the *pâté*.

CHICKEN LIVER PASTE is much simpler. It is also more practical if one is near a large departmental store where the livers can be bought separately. Recently in Selfridge's I saw unfrozen ones—and very good they looked. Chicken fat was also available.

Wash and dry ½ lb. chicken livers. Remove any green spots, which would make the final paste bitter. Fry the livers and a chopped small onion in enough chicken fat to glisten them well, but do not overcook.

Carefully discard any stringy parts, then mash the livers and onions thoroughly with a fork or pass them through a mincing-machine. Add a chopped hard-boiled egg, seasoning to taste and enough additional chicken fat to make a nice moist mixture.

Turn it into a shallow dish and level off. Sprinkle with the chopped yolk of a hard-boiled egg and garnish with rings of the white. Spread on water biscuits or toast and serve.

FOUR-MEAT PATE. In this one chicken livers play a smaller part.

Pass ½ lb. best sausage meat, 6 oz. chicken livers, 3 oz. ham, 3 oz. leg veal and a shallot through a mincing-machine or reduce them to a pulp in an electric blender. Add a pinch of ground allspice and salt and a little freshly-milled pepper to taste.

Line a terrine or other suitable dish with pork fat, as in the first recipe. Turn the mixture into it and level it off. Bring the overhanging pork fat up and over the *pâté*.

Fit greaseproof paper on top, then stand the dish in a pan of water and bake the *pâté* for 1 to 1½ hours in a cool oven (275 to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1 to 2).

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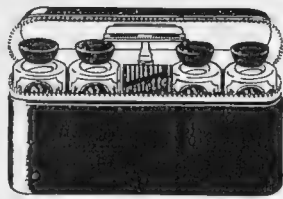
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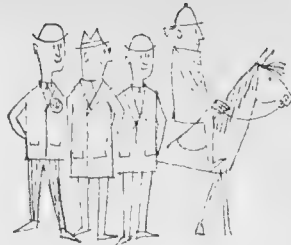
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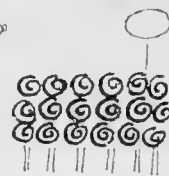
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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton



UNLESS YOU ARE READING THIS IN your pyjamas it's likely that the contents of your pockets would make quite a sizeable pile—and it's just as likely that every single item is completely indispensable. Try throwing them out and you'll probably find all that's left are odd pennies, a few soon-to-be obsolete halfpennies and maybe a few old keys for long-forgotten locks. In fact the sheer bulk and weight of the things we carry around could easily establish a case for chain mail pocket linings. Obviously the white man's burden needs lightening, hence my search for slim, light essentials that can be carried with the minimum of effort and inconvenience. I have concentrated chiefly on gold, for the intrinsic value of the metal challenges craftsmen to take extra pains with the design.

Over the last few years, an ultra-thin watch has become a potent status symbol—and sometimes I wonder that so much accuracy can be crammed into so thin a case. If you want a dress watch you should go to Asprey and look at the Audemars Piguet (£385). It is no thicker than a penny, and the 18 carat gold case has a matt finish that tapers almost to a knife-edge. Bensons have a secondhand fob with a gold buckle on black moiré ribbon (6 gns.) and a Movado Ermeto would hang splendidly from the circular bolt at the end. The Ermeto is a square watch in a slide case—the movement of opening and shutting it winds the watch, and a strut at the back supports the case if you want it at your bedside. The Ermeto is available in many different cases at Watches of Switzerland—in 18-carat gold, with a gold face, it costs £260 10s.

Smokers not only carry a large tax burden—their pockets are likely to be burdened too. Cigar smokers should look at Dunhill's elegantly slender 9-carat cutter. This is engine-turned and produces a vee-cut ideal for rounded Coronas. £11 17s. 6d. If preferred there is a spiral twist drill for £4 10s. at Asprey, or if you smoke a cigar with a pointed end, try their guillotine type cutter in 9-carat gold for £18.

Cigarette smokers may well be so encouraged by the development of the flip-top box as to discard the idea of a cigarette case, but they are still important in evening dress or if you are commissioned in the Brigade of Guards. Most of the good Bond Street jewellers have elegant cases in a variety of materials; Asprey have cases whose

engine-turned matches their extra slim "wafer" lighter which costs £51 10s. in 18-carat gold (15 gns. in silver). Pipe smokers should go to Dunhill and ask to see their vest-pocket pouch—it comes in two sizes, holding 1 or 2 oz., fits comfortably into a waistcoat pocket, and can be had in five different colours of Andorean kid for 32s. 6d. or 33s. according to size. They also stock good smokers' knives and carbon cutters. Smythson's have a neat book match case with a cigar cutter (guillotine-type) built-in—black or navy seal, 39s. 6d.

One of the more intelligent novelty keyrings is sold by Asprey—it has a spring-loaded drum to hold sixpences for parking meters and is almost as effective as a St. Christopher for keeping traffic wardens away. It costs the price of ten lines—£20. They have a neat circular pocket knife to keep on it, with a blade, scissors and a nail file for £21. You can also put a gold tooth-pick in your pocket for £4 2s. 6d. I refuse to endorse swizzle-sticks after seeing the trouble the French take to put bubbles into champagne, but if you must use one it will cost you £4 10s. I'd rather spend the money on the wine.

Capitalists are prone to pocket problems—you may find your worries eased by a gold link note clip for £18 10s. or a gold cornered crocodile notecase with two divisions—for £1 and £5 notes, or £1 and 10s. notes, according to the state of the exchequer. The crocodile version costs £32 15s., but you can buy it in sealskin for £8 12s. 6d. Most banks seem to provide cheque-book cases these days, but you'll need a gold pen from Asprey. Like to keep the keys to your penthouse in a gold key case? Bensons have a neat engine-turned one that holds two Yale keys and costs £23 10s.

The greatest aid to a bulge-free pocket is a retentive memory, but you can't remember everything so go to Smythson's of Bond Street who have every conceivable kind of notebook and diary. They even have one cryptically labelled "little black book." And Smythson's are renowned for their engraved cards: your name and address can be engraved for an initial charge of about 2 gns., and once they have that they will supply cards for 30s. a hundred.

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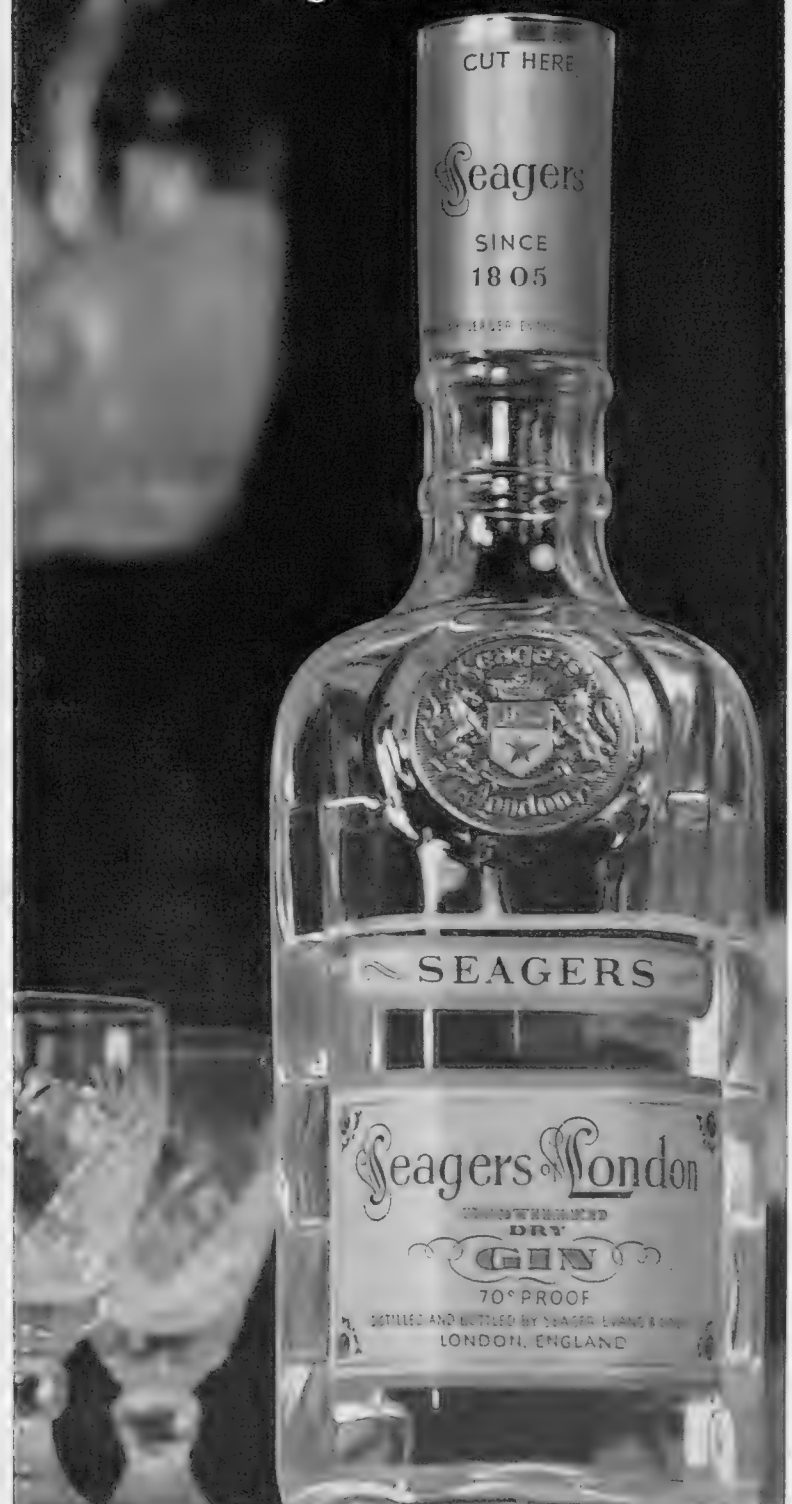
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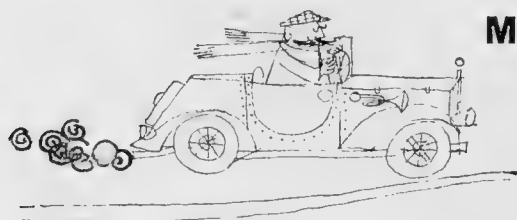
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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins



Interlude without a car

TWO MONTHS AGO I SOLD MY CAR AND for the first time in more than 20 years I have no car of my own. It is difficult to describe the feeling of release and freedom that has enveloped me since then. I can look a policeman in the eye without wondering madly if he is going to ask "Is this your car, sir?"; without trying to recall if my insurance has run out or if my driving licence has expired.

The result is that I can give my whole attention to business without glancing at the clock to see if I am in danger of being fined for obstruction or bullied by traffic wardens. I can admit to being in a hurry or having urgent work to do without being branded as a homicidal maniac.

I lived in London for a month and was glad to have no car. At first it was grim standing in the rain for buses that never came or being squashed in the squalor of the rush-hour Underground, and a lot of my fellow sufferers were dreaming of the day when they could afford a car to escape from it all. But the rest were motorists wondering why they had paid so much for a car they aren't allowed to use freely.

I suppose I reached the end of the road when a TV contract took me down to Cardiff once a fortnight. People in England simply don't realize to what extent communications between England and the vast industrial area of South Wales have broken down. As for the Welsh, they don't seem to care. Perhaps they are awaiting the dawn of the bright day when they get home rule and can manage their own affairs.

To see a line of heavy industrial traffic queuing up all day long to pass in single file over the ancient Chepstow bridge, or creeping one at a time through the medieval

arch up in the town is to see a nation going quietly mad. Farther on, heavy trucks pound frantically to and fro over what are little more than goat tracks in the hills to avoid descending into Newport where one can be stuck for half an hour or more.

It is the achievement of successive governments that they have reduced many of us to using the dirty, slow and unpunctual trains of British Railways for the first time in our lives. When I cannot avoid going to London, I now go by main line express, and the round trip of 190 miles takes 6½ hours at a dizzy average of 27 m.p.h. One could do it faster by car, although the journey time is increasing by 5-10 minutes a year, but it is tiring and once arrived one cannot work efficiently because of the parking restrictions.

In the train, on the other hand, one can at least settle down to do a few hours' work while the mighty monster wheezes along, and though the restaurant car often looks filthy (the waiter told me proudly last week they had run the vacuum over it only *five days* previously) the food isn't bad (at least on Western Region) and the wines are reasonable.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd sidesteps the demands for a reduction in the purchase tax on cars. Perhaps this is because his predecessors have based the country's economy on excessive taxation of motor vehicles and he apparently lacks the flexibility of mind to envisage any alternative.

Like many of his colleagues he seems to proceed on the assumption that there is no limit to the expense and indignities people will tolerate in order to own a car. But he may find one day that the limit has been reached. And where will he find another industry able to

contribute 20 per cent of our visible exports while its home customers provide 10 per cent of the national revenue in special taxes?

The same kind of assumption is made by the reformers whose sole panacea for traffic problems is wholesale suspension of driving licences.

A driving licence, in fact, is fast becoming a passport to second-class citizenship. Its possessor is over-taxed, lectured, abused and constantly on the defensive. It is the man who has lost his licence or never had one who can look the world in the eye and take a drink with his meals. For some people loss of a driving licence could be disastrous on purely business grounds. For others it could open up a new world of carefree tax-free living.

However, I was reminded of the pleasures of motoring when I drove down to Turin. This is one of the cities where you can still enjoy having a car. For the trip I had one of the new Sunbeam Alpines with the larger engine. The improvement is extraordinary. Cruising at an indicated 90 in overdrive, I just didn't believe the speedometer, but without any special effort it covered 500 miles in well under 8½ hours to average 60 m.p.h. The brakes (discs in front) match the performance, and the new, wider rear springs have greatly improved the cornering. The driving position is far better than it was before. It is now a really fast, comfortable and well-finished car and outstanding value at the price.

Faults? Well, the backrests could be improved, the bonnet lock was faulty and one would like to see more room in the luggage trunk. If your travels take you over the kind of route where a fast car can be used, this one should not be missed.

CARS OF THE YEAR for 1960, elected by Canada's motoring journalists, are the B.M.C. twins—the Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor. Here Austins are being loaded at Dagenham, on the way to distributors in Montreal



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Bridgeman—Baring: Teresa Anne, second daughter of the Hon. Maurice & Mrs. Bridgeman, of The Glebe House, Felham, Petworth, Sussex, was married to Peter, younger son of the late Mr. Francis Baring, and of Lady Rose Baring, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Weddings



Norman—Egerton-Warburton: Sarah Jessica, daughter of Mr. Willoughby & the Hon. Mrs. Norman, of Melton Mowbray, was married to Capt. Peter Egerton-Warburton, Coldstream Guards, son of Col. Geoffrey and of the late Hon. Mrs. Egerton-Warburton, of Malpas, at St. Columba's, Pont St.



Morris—Inglis: Rachel Evelyn, only daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. N. M. Morris, of Dowdstown, Ardee, co. Louth, was married to Roderick John, only son of Sir Maxwell Inglis, Bt., & Lady Inglis, of Glencorse, Laganbank, Milton Bridge, Midlothian, at the Church of St. Mary, Ardee, co. Louth

Curteis—Grahame of Claverhouse: Susan, twin daughter of Capt. Sir Gerald & Lady Curteis, of Sevenoaks, was married to Capt. Iain Grahame of Claverhouse, Younger, 60th Rifles, son of Mr. Lewis Grahame of Claverhouse, and of the late Mrs. L. G. Graham-Wigan, at All Hallows-by-the Tower

Engagements

Miss Caroline York to Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt. *She* is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher York, of Long Marston Manor, York. *He* is the only son of the late Sir Keith Nuttall, Bt., and of Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, of Lowesby Hall, Leicestershire, and of Cundy Street, S.W.1

DOROTHY WILDING



Miss Caroline Clive to the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile. *She* is the daughter of Mr. Peter Clive, of Orlando, Florida, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Elizabeth Clive, of Queen's Gate, Kensington, S.W.7. *He* is the younger son of the late Lord Savile, K.C.V.O., and of the late Lady Savile

VANE



Miss Janet Dingwall-Main to Mr. Krystopher Balinski-Jundzill. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Dingwall-Main, of Whitmuir, by Selkirk, and Camster, Occumster, Caithness. *He* is the younger son of Count & Countess Balinski-Jundzill, of Croft House, Sudbury

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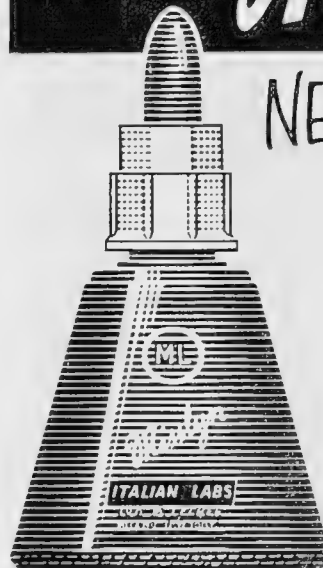
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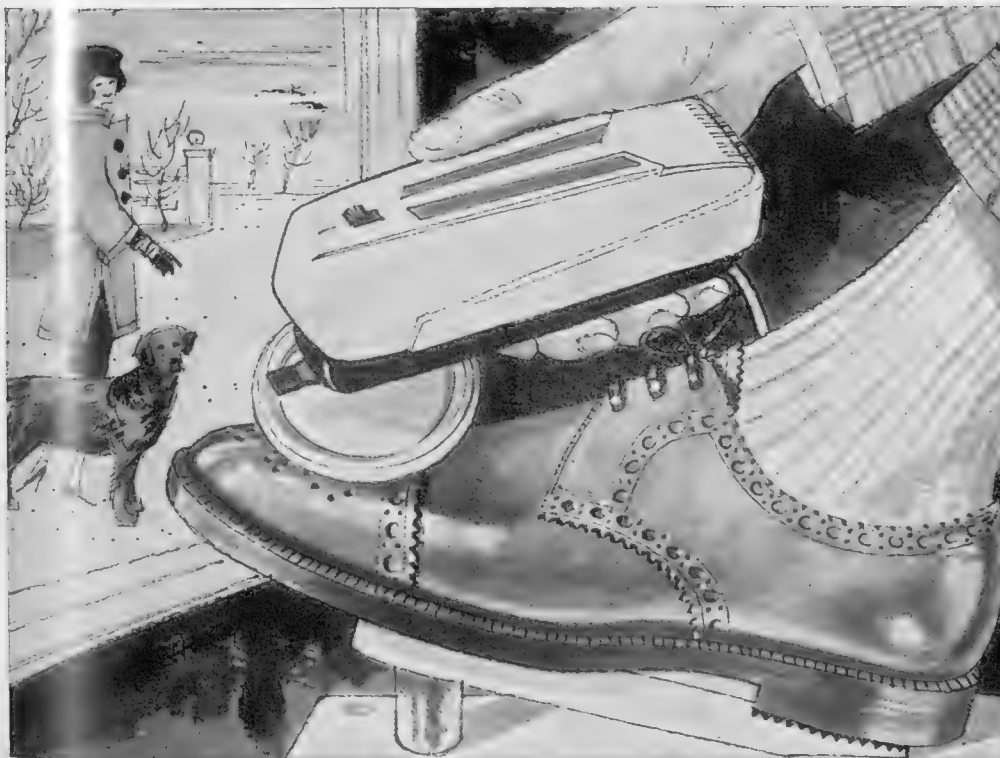


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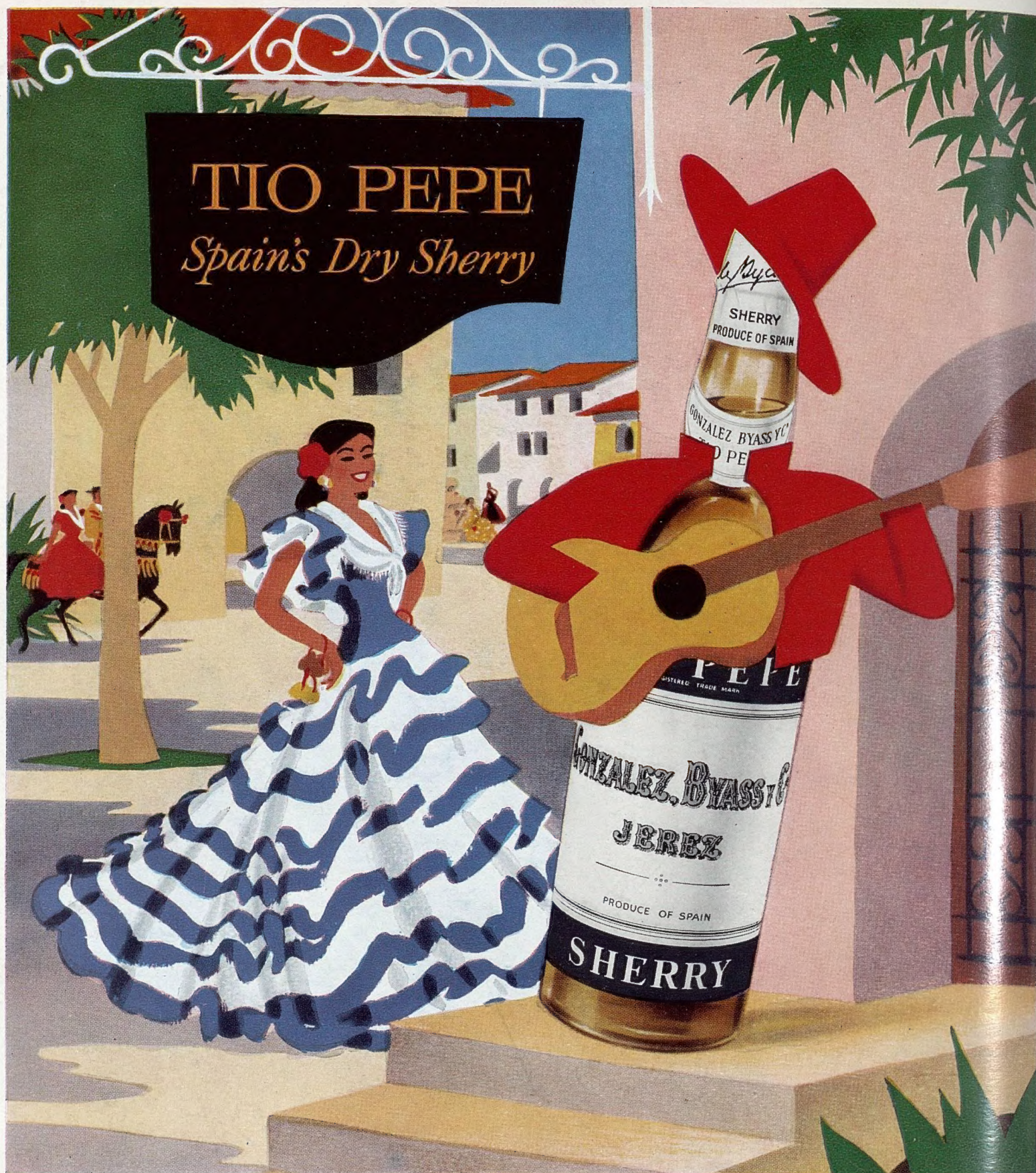
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